



No. 525.—VOL. XLI.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1903.

SIXPENCE.

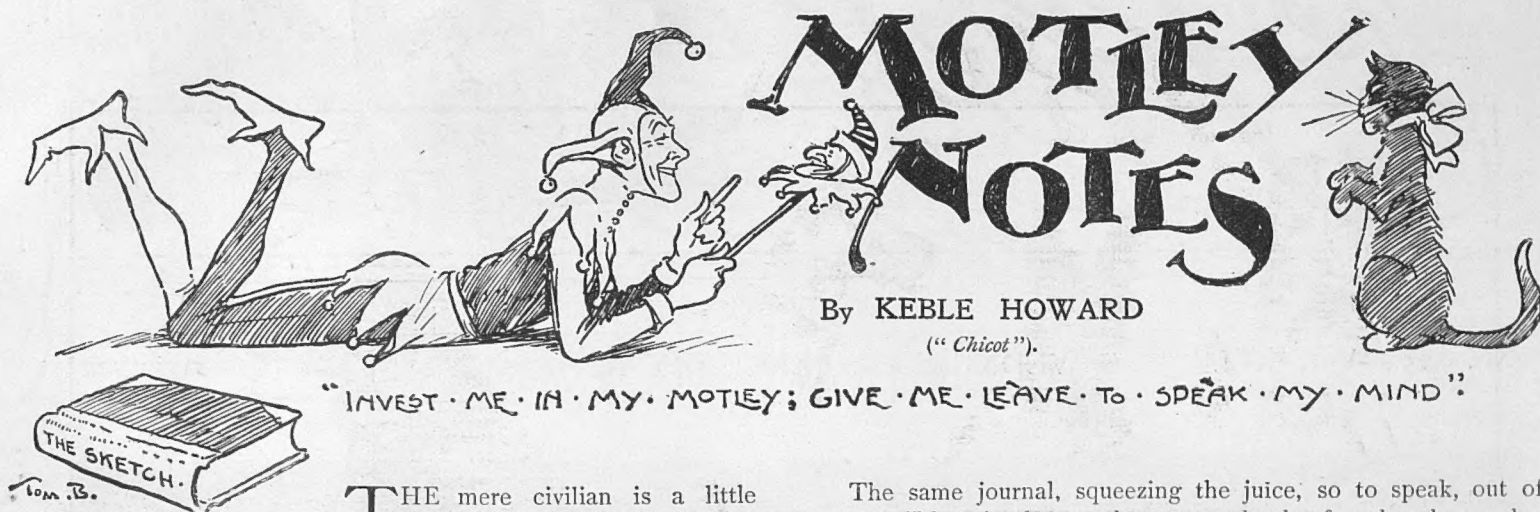


MR. BEERBOHM TREE AS PRINCE DMITRY NEHLUDOF IN "RESURRECTION,"

AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

DRAWN AT A SPECIAL SITTING BY EDWARD KING.





THE mere civilian is a little tired of hearing about "The Guards Scandal," and yet, perhaps, the affair has a wider importance than he imagines. For it must not be supposed that bullying is confined to the Army; on the contrary, it is practised extensively at Oxford and—one may reasonably suppose—at Cambridge. I am not speaking on hearsay; I myself have known of cases at Oxford where certain men who did not happen to be understood by their fellow-students have gone through their course in a state of constant misery. One man whom I knew was barred by all the "bloods" of his College because, owing to shyness, he was accustomed to assume a somewhat pompous manner. In reality, he was one of the sweetest-natured, most modest men I have ever met. However, he incurred, as I say, the displeasure of those who "ran" the College, with the result that he could never be certain, from night to night, whether he would be allowed to do his reading and to sleep in peace. He is dead now; that is why I speak of him in the past tense. It is impossible to estimate, of course, how much his work and his health were affected by the cruel treatment to which he was subjected. Such tyranny as this, let me add, only arises in a College that has succumbed, for the time being, to the influence of the moneyed cad.

I was very glad to be present at the first performance of "A Clean Slate," at the Criterion, not only because the piece, in places, is quite funny, but also for the reason that I had an opportunity of studying, at close quarters, the people who make that horrid boing noise on the occasion of a new production. I knew beforehand, of course, that they were quite unversed in the usages of polite society, but I was hardly prepared to find them such poor-looking specimens of humanity. One would have forgiven them their abject appearance, however, if they had really shown themselves to be high-minded, earnest students of the drama. But when they made it clear that they had come to the theatre to advertise their bad manners and to shed a sort of collective glamour over their puny, noisy little selves, why then I was disgusted with them and all their works, and heartily agreed with Mr. Frank Curzon's policy in calling in the police. As to the scrimmage itself, it was the mildest affair in the world, and certainly afforded no excuse for the one or two people in the stalls who promptly seized the opportunity to make themselves conspicuous. One lady, whose name I have not the privilege of knowing, became so angry with me for making a little joke of the matter with a friend of mine that I quite thought she was about to rap me on the nose with her knuckles.

Among the interesting little things that I read in the *Daily Mail* last week was an account of a man who sent himself by post. The fee was threepence per mile, and all he had to do was to put himself under the charge of an express messenger and travel, thus escorted, from the post-office to his destination. It is not quite clear why he did not consult a policeman as to the route and then trot along unescorted, but this is a detail that may be passed over lightly enough. The really interesting and important thing about sending oneself by post is that you cannot linger on the way and fall into bad company. The individual, for example, who recounted his experiences to the *Mail* happened to meet, during the course of the journey, his partner in business. "He detained me some time," says the candid gentleman, "and the uniformed youth, saluting respectfully, said, with something like reproach in his voice, 'You are express, sir.' Thereupon we resumed our journey." Presuming that the reproach of the youth was well-merited, the idea of human postage should be warmly taken up by the Semi-Teetotal League. Many a man might be saved from an awful fate if he would only consent to be sent home every evening by express post.

The same journal, squeezing the juice, so to speak, out of the case of Edwards the murderer, records the fact that the condemned man, in his youth, was an omnivorous reader of newspapers and cheap stories. Then, reading straight on, I came to the following tit-bit of sensationalism: "A man who was a mate of his then recalls him as a killer of cats. He would tie them to a rail and kill them with stones. One Sunday, he went off to Leyton, which was then open fields, with a cat in a bag, in order to ensure luxurious solitude in the slow torture of the animal." It may be that this special information is printed as an illustration of the sort of stuff that Edwards used to read; one imagines, however, that it would have been possible to select a sample of mental poison a little less nauseating. At the same time, we should be grateful to the *Mail* for warning its readers off cheap literature. No murder case nowadays but shows the fatal influence of "blood" stories; no report of suicide that does not include a letter obviously inspired by Fiction for Foolish Females. The aristocratic classes are safe, at any rate, from any contaminating influence that may be derived from literature. The majority of them are so busily employed in trying to enjoy themselves that they have not time to read anything at all. That is why the dialogue of a fashionable divorce case is so far superior in point of naturalness to the dialogue that one gets, as a rule, upon the stage.

The late Henry Ryecroft, whose "Private Papers" have been collected and edited by Mr. George Gissing, was one of those writers by whose death the world of letters is the poorer—if not the sadder. The master of a fine literary style, he had the wonderful gift of expressing himself as clearly and convincingly on paper as he might have done when sitting over a fire and chatting to his friends through a cloud of tobacco-smoke. To those whose privilege it is to earn their living with the pen, these "Papers" will afford a special interest, revealing, as they do, the inmost thoughts of a man who was not only, to the finger-tips, a literary artist, but who suffered genuine martyrdom in the cause of Art. Mr. Gissing, in his preface, tells us that his friend accomplished a considerable amount of work, and published more than one volume; it is the more surprising, therefore, that the name of Henry Ryecroft is quite unfamiliar to those whose duty it is to keep in touch with the writers of the day. Our thanks are due to Mr. Gissing for having allowed the world to enjoy these posthumous essays. Mr. Gissing's name, by the way, appears on the cover and title-page of the book as the author, but that, doubtless, is an oversight on the part of the publishers.

There has reached me, through the post, a very dainty little book entitled, "Medicine for the Mind: From the Storehouse of the World's Greatest Thinkers." The volume is composed of choice aphorisms from the works of eminent writers, and the extracts are placed under suitable headings, such as "Conceit," "Idleness," "Anger," and so forth. A better title for the book as a whole, perhaps, would be, "Everybody's Manual of Apt Retorts." Thus, when an impudent wit raised a laugh against you at the dinner-table, you would at once produce this useful little work, turn to the chapter headed "Envy," and read aloud in measured tones the following quotation from Horace Smith: "If, instead of looking at what our superiors possess, we could see what they actually enjoy, there would be much less envy and more pity in the world." Of course, the word "pity" would be given rather less pompously than the remainder of the rebuke. Again, presuming for a moment that your housekeeper neglected to dust your room, you would ring the bell, take up a strategic position with your back to the window, and address her as follows: "The most important part of self-culture is to enthrone the sense of duty within us. There are no limits to the growth of the moral force in woman, if she will cherish it faithfully.—W. E. Channing—adapted." If that failed to awe her, you would be well advised to set to work and dust the room yourself.





CRUFT'S DOG SHOW AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL (Feb. 11-13).

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

(See Page 194.)



## THE CLUBMAN AND THE "GUARDS SCANDAL."

THE present "ragging" case which has brought the doings of the officers of a battalion of the Grenadiers into the fierce light of publicity is a delicate matter to discuss, for all the facts in the case are not known, and the officers most concerned are prohibited by the rules laid down in the King's Regulations from stating the case in their own behalf. On one matter, all people, both civilians and

soldiers, are agreed, and that is that the physical punishment, the schoolboy caning, inflicted on officers by their brother officers is utterly wrong, and that such notice must be taken of it by the military authorities as to prevent it ever recurring either in a Guards regiment or one of the Line.

That such caning should have been possible is extraordinary, and I am inclined to think that, when all the facts are disclosed, it will be found that the cases in which it occurred have been very few indeed, for no Colonel in the British Service would, I am sure, if one of his subalterns had gone to him and had told him that he had been stripped and beaten by his brother officers, have hesitated for a moment to order an inquiry and to do justice on the persecutors; and the boys in the Guards, like any other set of high-spirited lads, would not remain voiceless under a course of systematic ill-treatment, nor do they come of the stuff of which bullies are made.

I, in my twenty-one years of service with the Colours, saw and heard something of "Subalterns' Courts-martial," and, putting on one side the present case of the Guards, for I disapprove as strongly as is possible of anything which degrades the uniform, there is something to be said in favour of these "courts-martial" as

well as against them. Often a "Subalterns' Court-martial" is a joke, with just so much seriousness in it that the prisoner remembers in future not to break some point of military etiquette or some unwritten custom of the regiment of which he has been told but which he has disregarded. He may have drawn his sword in the ante-room; he may have gone to bed while there were regimental guests in the Mess whom he should have done his share in entertaining; he may have done something while in uniform which, in the idea of his brother officers, he should not do—"Never take your uniform where you would not take your sister," is an old military saw—and the subalterns, as a body, wish to amuse themselves and to impress on the offender that regimental and Service customs are to be observed. They form themselves in a mock court-martial in one of their own rooms, the wag of the regiment makes out the "charge," the two most voluble subalterns are told to pose as the prosecutor and the prisoner's "friend," and when the prisoner is found guilty he is gravely admonished by the President, and very likely is sentenced to provide whiskies-and-sodas for the Court, in addition. From the cool height of our forty, or fifty, or sixty years, all this may seem boisterous and unnecessary fooling to us Clubmen, but in every gathering together of lads, whether it be in a college or a regiment, something of the kind occurs at intervals. Of course, the Adjutant might talk to the offender in the Orderly Room, and tell him that he was running counter to the feeling or custom of his corps, and request him not to do so again; but I feel sure that a general vote of the subalterns of the Army would be against the official wiggling, and in favour of the humorous judgment by their peers.

When the "Subalterns' Court-martial" assembles in earnest, it is generally because the lad is doing something his fellows think is disgraceful, or cowardly, or dirty. I am convinced that it is a tribunal which, in this sense, should never be allowed to exist; but I am only stating what, to the best of my knowledge, are the facts. When anything more than a sentence which is a rough joke is pronounced at one of the irregular tribunals, the lad is in nine cases out of ten doing, or has done, something which gentlemen would hold to be

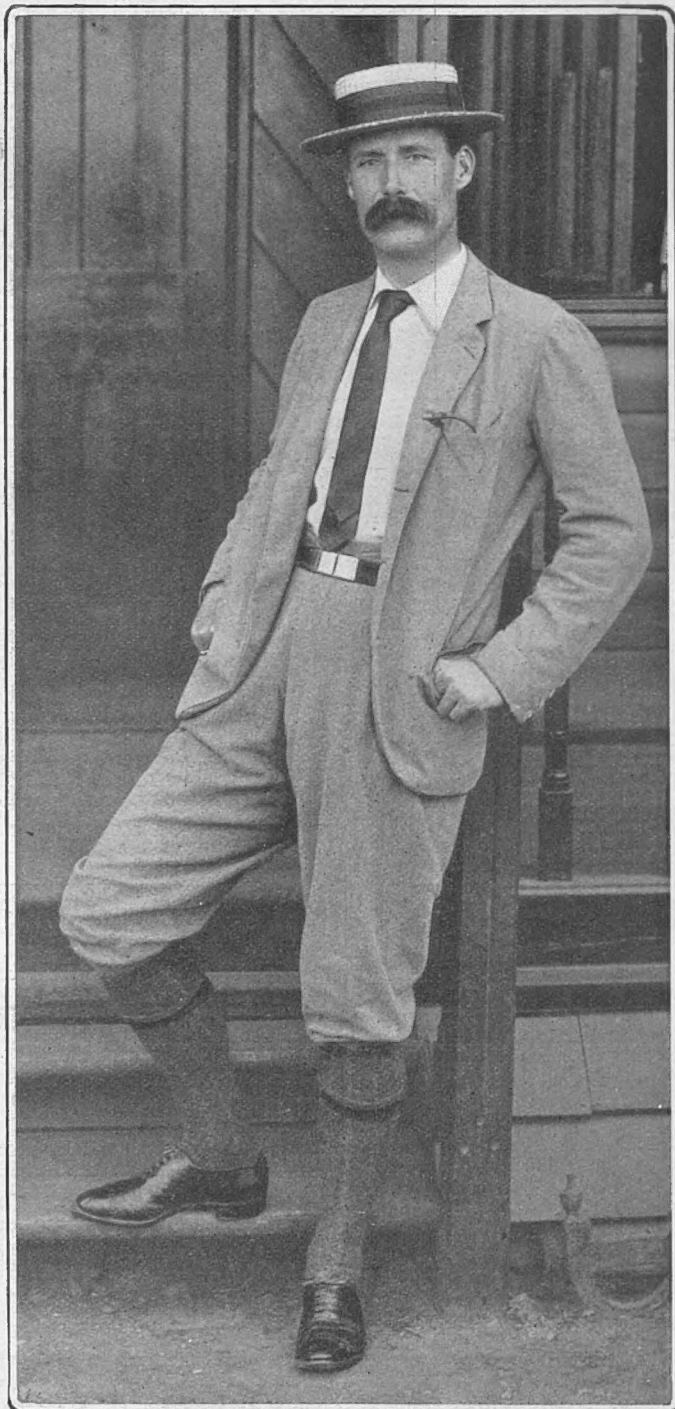
ungentlemanly. The very nature of the offences that I have heard of lads being tried for make it very difficult to do more than hint at what they are. I have known the intervention of his brother subalterns prevent a boy from marrying a fallen woman; I have known of a protest by his fellows against a lad whose unclean habits sent him at intervals on the sick-list and left his duty to be done by others. I never heard of a subaltern being ill-treated because he was studious or poor. The relatives of a lad, if they do hear of these irregular tribunals, do not know once in ten times the real offence alleged, and generally ascribe the ill-treatment of their relative to some cause other than the actual one. I have never heard until the present scandal of anything worse than a very grim admonition or a "packing-up."

Whenever any one of these trials, serious or in fun, takes place, the senior officers and the Adjutant, who is the regimental Staff Officer, are not allowed, so far as my experience goes, to know what is going on. It is something like a meeting of some school tribunal. Just as bullying sometimes springs into existence in a good school, so bullying appears to have grown up in a regiment. A master, if he knew of the bullying and did not interfere, would undoubtedly lose his mastership, and a Colonel should have no better fate in respect of his regiment; but it is only fair to suspend judgment until it is proved to the world that the Colonel in the Guards' case had any knowledge of what was in progress, which he is said to most stoutly deny. A Colonel is not supposed to pry as an usher into the doings of the subalterns when off parade, and, if his legitimate sources of information failed him, he may have been in absolute ignorance of what was occurring without any blame attaching to him.



MR. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT, M.P.,  
WHO WILL RAISE THE QUESTION IN THE HOUSE  
OF COMMONS. (SEE PAGE 164.)

Photograph by Dickinson and Foster.



COLONEL RICARDO, COMMANDING THE GRENAДИER GUARDS.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W. (See Page 164.)



THE PANTOMIME THAT THE SULTAN HAS STIGMATISED AS IMPROPER.



*"Six little shop-girls we, bonnie as bonnie can be,  
Daintily clad and daintily shod; if we don't find husbands, well, that'll be odd."*



*"Hist, nigs! The bogie-man is prowling round."*

"DICK WHITTINGTON" AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

(SEE PAGE 194.)



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## ART NOTES.

**A** MYSTERIOUS picture is to be seen at the Doré Gallery. It is  
a representation of "Christus," by Herman Salomon, and its  
peculiarity is that its eyes open and shut at short intervals.  
The picture itself is a creditable though not exceptionally impressive  
portrait of the Saviour of the traditional type, and it is shown strongly  
illuminated in a dark room. How the curious effect of the opening  
and closing eyes is produced is a secret, and it is stated that the artist  
has been occupied for some years in perfecting the process. The back  
of the picture is open to inspection, and those who like to exercise  
their ingenuity in solving such problems may be recommended to  
examine the work.

At Mr. Heyman's Gallery, 180, New Bond Street, are to be seen  
two fine Gainsborough portraits that are something in the nature of  
treasure-trove, for when their owner acquired them, a few months ago,  
they were so begrimed as scarcely to be visible. Now that they have  
been carefully cleaned, Gainsborough's beautiful handiwork comes to  
the light of day, and "Taylor White, Esq.," and "Mrs. Taylor White"  
appear with nearly all the brilliance of colour that must have  
distinguished them in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1782. There  
is also to be seen a singularly charming Reynolds, the "Portrait of  
Mrs. Butler," a young woman with a delightfully Irish type of face,  
executed in very spirited fashion.

The Lawn Tennis and Cricket Club in connection with the well-  
known Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, of 112, Regent Street, W.,  
held their annual smoking concert at the Freemasons' Tavern on  
Friday evening. The directors of the Company appear to take as  
much interest in the social well-being of their huge staff as they do  
in the business, for the Chair and Vice-Chair were occupied by  
directors. Mr. A. G. Maginnis ably carried out his duties as Chairman  
to a seemingly delighted company of six hundred. Mr. Will E.  
Edwards, one of many excellent artists of the evening, was, as usual,  
very funny.

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## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE KING and Queen have shown their gracious and kindly interest in the sick "Tommy" by visiting the Herbert Hospital at Woolwich. The Queen is known to take a very special interest in the Military Nursing Service, and she has herself taken a prominent part in the various appointments made in connection with it. One of these new appointments is that of a Matron-in-Chief, under whom are to be seven Sisters and twelve Staff Nurses. The

Herbert Hospital, it is hardly necessary to say, is named after the distinguished man to whom the nation owed the presence of Miss Florence Nightingale in the Crimea, and it has long ranked as second only in importance to Netley. The King has many touching associations with Woolwich. It was there that he, as the youthful Prince of Wales, accompanied the late Sovereign to visit the wounded soldiers who had come back from the Crimea; since that distant day His Majesty has often visited the great Arsenal, and always with greater interest and knowledge.

### *A Brilliant Royal Week.*

The many Royal functions arranged for the present week afford conclusive proof of how completely our beloved Sovereign is restored to health. It is indeed excellent news that His Majesty intends to continue his practice of opening Parliament in person, for London dearly likes

Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein is the latest addition to the interesting roll of Royal Londoners. Her Royal Highness was one of the late Sovereign's favourite grand-daughters. She is clever, accomplished, and artistic, and delights to lead her own life in company with a favourite Lady-in-Waiting, much as does her aunt, the Duchess of Argyll. The Princess has a pretty house in the heart of the South Kensington district: she is very kind-hearted and frequently takes a part in great charity functions. Her Royal Highness is often to be seen in the neighbourhood of Pall Mall, where her parents, Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, now own a fine town-house.

*A Royal Cat-lover.* Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, the elder of the two daughters of popular Princess Christian, is in one matter very unlike the Royal and Imperial grandmother to whom she was so devoted. Her Royal Highness is an enthusiastic cat-lover and has won many prizes with her furry pets. Till quite lately, the Princess and her parents were seen only comparatively seldom in town, but now they have in Schomberg House a pleasant and commodious residence, only a few minutes' walk from Buckingham Palace. The Princess follows in her mother's footsteps, and is much interested in nursing and in everything connected with modern philanthropic work. A sad shadow was cast over her life by the death of her gallant brother, Prince Christian Victor, with whom she had been brought up and to whom she was much devoted.

### *The Guards and the Duchess.*

A certain witty Duchess is said to have observed during the last few days that the Guards should now adopt as their motto, "Up, Guards, and at him!" This is no place to enter into the whole vexed question, but a word may be said concerning the personalities of those whose names have been brought forward prominently in the affair. In some ways,



THEIR HIGHNESSES PRINCESS VICTORIA AND PRINCESS LOUISE AUGUSTA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

Photographs by Bullingham, Harrington Road, S.W.

a great pageant of the-kind, and the fact that the King allowed it to be known that he would like to see Peeresses wearing once more their splendid and becoming Coronation robes has naturally given satisfaction. Some curiosity is expressed concerning the forthcoming Courts, for it is thought that several modifications will come into effect.

the fact that many of these are not only distinguished persons in their own walks of life, but also connected by ties of blood with many of the great territorial and noble families of the kingdom, naturally adds a special touch of interest to what our French neighbours genially style "l'Affaire Dreyfus Anglaise."



*Colonel David  
Alexander Kinloch.*

Lieutenant-Colonel Kinloch comes of deservedly famous Scotch military stock, and there is something pathetic in the thought that his gallant old father, Sir Alexander Kinloch, was actually an officer in the regiment which has lately become so notorious at the time little David first saw the light. The Kinloch family owns one of the oldest baronetcies in the kingdom, Sir Alexander being the tenth Baronet. Colonel Kinloch is no carpet-knight; he was in South Africa through the darkest days of the War, and such is the irony of life that he was considered extraordinarily lucky, for, though present at the Battles of Belmont, of Graspan, and of Modder River, he was not wounded; he was, however, mentioned in despatches. Not long before the War, his marriage to Miss Eleanor Lucy Bromley-Davenport took place, and during the last few years there has been no more popular couple in that section of high military society which centres in and about London.

*Admiral Basil  
Cochrane.*

Admiral Cochrane, whose now famous letter to the *Times* created so profound a sensation last week, has been much confused, during the last few days, with his more famous relation, Admiral Sir Arthur Cochrane, the veteran who joined the Navy just sixty-three years ago. The epistolary Admiral was born some three years after Sir Arthur had become an early Victorian middy. He is a grandson of the great Lord Dundonald, and he also is one of whom his country should be proud, for he is among the comparatively few sailors of his rank and age who have seen much warfare.

*A Warlike  
Legislator.*

Lieutenant-Colonel Bromley-Davenport, who is to raise the whole Guards' question in the House of Commons, is one of the most highly esteemed of our military legislators. He has represented the Macclesfield Division of Cheshire in Parliament for the last sixteen years, but, at the first sound of the war-trumpet, he accompanied the 4th Battalion of the Imperial Yeomanry to South Africa, and he received the "D.S.O.," a very exceptional honour some three years ago. His sister became

and it must be very annoying to him that this incident should occur just after his appointment to a responsible and yet, it is generally thought, a fairly agreeable command. Colonel Ricardo has commanded



THE COUNTESS OF STRADBROKE.

*Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.*

the Grenadier Guards for the last three years; he is very popular in Society, and fought with great gallantry in the Soudan War of 1885.

*Three Officers and  
Gentlemen.*

Last, not least, come the three young officers and gentlemen who have, when it comes to the point, caused or been the cause of the whole trouble. Perhaps the most interesting of these three, from every point of view, is the young Marquis of Douro, who—by perhaps the most dramatic accident on record—is the great-grandson of the "Iron Duke." Lord Douro is also the son of a very distinguished officer, the present Duke of Wellington, still better known under his old name of Lord Arthur Wellesley. In fact, his Grace at one time commanded the battalion in which his son became an officer some three years ago. Lord Douro is very good-looking, and some think him very like his famous great-grandfather; he will be twenty-seven this year. The Master of Belhaven is many years younger than Lord Douro—in fact, he will not come of age till next year; he is the only son of Lord Belhaven and Stenton, who in his day was a gallant and hard-working officer. As for Mr. J. H. Leveson-Gower, he is the youthful owner of Bill Hill, but he belongs to that branch of the family known as the Leveson-Gowers of Titsey Place. He is twenty-three, and lost his father when only twelve years old; hence he has been much with his uncle, Admiral Cochrane, who is his mother's brother.

*Lady Stradbroke.*

The young Countess of Stradbroke, though she was married only five years ago, is the proud mother of three little daughters and of an infant son and heir. There are at the present moment many beautiful Countesses, and one of the best-looking is the young Peeress who was before her marriage Miss Keith Fraser, the daughter of a famous fighting race. Lord and Lady Stradbroke stay much of the year at their Suffolk place, Henham Hall, and there the good-looking young Earl and his lovely Countess are very popular, the more so that they take a keen interest in all local affairs.

*A Charming  
Scotch Beauty.*

Miss Leonore Hamilton, the eldest of Georgina Lady Belhaven's seven pretty daughters, belongs to the twentieth-century group of youthful Scottish beauties. Owing to the premature death of her father, the ninth Lord Belhaven, Miss Hamilton has lived a more quiet life than do many of the girls of her rank, and, instead of migrating to London each season, she and her sisters enjoy the more intellectual delights of Edinburgh. In the summer they live a happy country life at Udston, a pretty place left to Lady Belhaven by her father, the late Sir John Watson of Earnock. Two years ago, Miss Hamilton's younger sister, Miss Clarice Hamilton, became the wife of the Master of Napier. The Misses Hamilton are, of course, the cousins of the Master of Belhaven, who was one of the three young officers who lately played so prominent a part in the Guards' affair.



THE HON. LEONORE HAMILTON.

*Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.*

Mrs. David Kinloch five years ago, and Colonel Kinloch has no more resolute and doughty champion than his brother-in-law.

*Two Generals and  
a Colonel.*

Three other military men have played a certain rôle in the affair; these are General Trotter, General Oliphant, and Colonel Ricardo. General Trotter has long been connected with the Home District; in fact, he laid down his Command only some weeks ago. General Oliphant, his successor in the Command, has had a distinguished military career;



*A Yachtsman's Paradise.*

Nice Harbour, far more than the Bay of Hercules, may be styled the yachtsman's paradise, for though the Bay of Monaco is a stone's-throw off the Monte Carlo gambling-rooms, it is too small to be a really comfortable anchoring-place. The harbour at Nice has all the advantages offered by what has been for hundreds of years a seaport town, and it is hoped that, during his forthcoming visit to the South of France, King Edward, or rather, his yacht, will spend a few days in view of the Promenade des Anglais. His Majesty has never seemed to care for the happily named *Nice la belle*—he has always preferred Cannes; but, still, many important yachting events take place at Nice, and French yachtsmen are exceedingly fond of the place.

Although the Riviera is having a record Season and at the favoured resorts you must hunt diligently in order to find a bedroom, there are some disadvantages connected with a sojourn there. To the thieves I have referred already, and even worse than thieves is the influenza which has made its unwelcome appearance at Nice and has spread with great rapidity—happily, in a mild form. Perhaps the crowded condition of the town helps to spread the infection, for King Carnival has arrived and the place is given over to gaiety. On Thursday last (Feb. 12), King Carnival XXXI. made his appearance, and to-morrow the first Battle of Flowers will be held on the Promenade des Anglais. Sunday will see the Carnival Procession and Battle of Confetti and the *redoute* at the Municipal Casino.

*Mr. Kruger at Mentone.*

It is strange that the quietest and, in a sense, the most "proper" town on the Riviera should have been quite lately the place of refuge of the poor, erring Princess of Saxony, while now its principal resident is no other than the great Mr. Kruger himself. Mentone is quite unlike any other Riviera town; it prides itself on its extreme quietude. Perhaps for this reason it is rarely patronised by Royal visitors, though our own Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark are exceedingly fond of the quaint little town and generally make a sojourn there during the year. When the great earthquake of some years ago took place, Mentone suffered far more than either Monte Carlo or Nice, but now no trace of the upheaval remains.

*Men of the Session.*

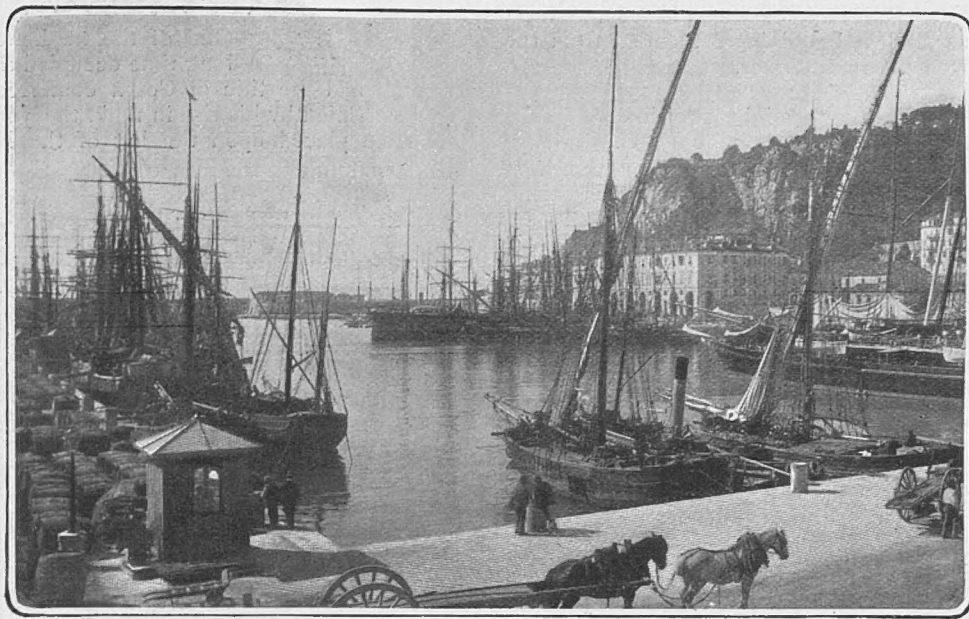
Mr. Balfour begins the new Session of Parliament with undiminished authority and popularity. Till Mr. Chamberlain returns he will stand high above all colleagues. He may not figure so constantly in debate as last Session, when he personally took charge of the Education Bill; but, of course, as Prime Minister and Leader of the House, he will take supervision of everything, and, although he is not a meddling Chief, he may frequently be constrained to intervene. His followers are anxious about his health, but the season of the year which tries him most is past.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has yet to undergo his first severe test. To expound a Budget to a critical and excited audience is a considerable ordeal; but Mr. Ritchie has plenty of phlegm, and, although his oratory is jerky and harsh, he has a clear head and a mastery of facts, so that his plain statement is sure to be intelligible.

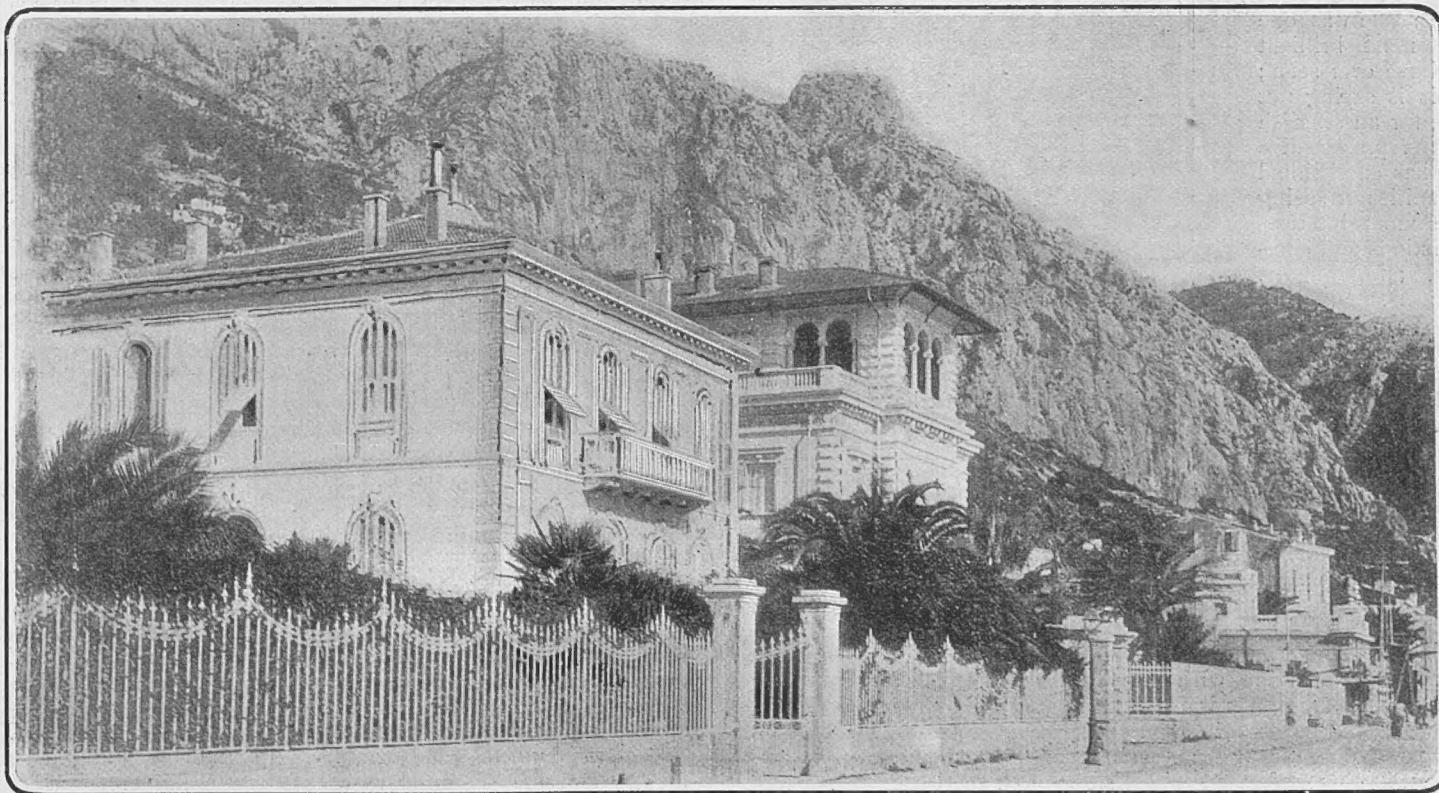
Probably the new Session will be, in a special degree, Mr. George Wyndham's Session. The Irish Land Bill is certain to occupy a large portion of the time, and, as the Chief Secretary will have charge of it, he will be tried in the furnace of debate. With Mr. Redmond and Mr. Healy in front of him and with Mr. T. W. Russell behind, his lot will not be easy unless his Bill is satisfactory. Mr. Wyndham has plenty of style. He tries to maintain the old, ornate manner in debate, and yet with polished words he can overcome the average adversary.

The tactics of the Nationalists may depend on the Land Bill, and, in any event, they will be an interesting study. Mr. Healy is a Party in himself, and, fortunately, the House has still its Mr. Jasper Tully. Mr. Tully provided so much amusement last autumn that a great deal is expected from him in the future.

There is some doubt as to the Leadership of the Liberal Party. Will Mr. Asquith become the active lieutenant and confidential colleague of "C.-B.," or will he continue to hold aloof? If the occupants of the front Opposition bench are not energetic enough, they may be pushed aside by Mr. Lloyd-George, whose position in the House has been fortified by popularity in the country. Mr. Lloyd-George has plenty of dash, he is a born politician, he has the gift of oratory, and he is not troubled with timidity.



NICE HARBOUR.



EX-PRESIDENT KRUGER'S RESIDENCE AT MENTONE.



### *A Lovely Débutante.*

According to the wiseacres who set themselves up as social critics, of the many beautiful débutantes of the coming Season few will compare in sheer loveliness with Miss Horner, the daughter of a popular couple who, though not directly concerned with politics, are the friends of so many statesmen and politicians. Miss Horner, even as a child, knew many of the most interesting men and women of the time, and latterly she has often helped her mother in doing the honours of her beautiful old home, Mells Court. There is something quaint in the thought that a young lady who bids fair to remain in history as one of the most dazzling of twentieth-century belles should be descended from the historic little Jack Horner who sat in a corner.

### *Pope Leo XIII.*

As I mentioned a fortnight ago in *The Sketch* (writes my Rome Correspondent), the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Pope Pius IX. was looked forward to in Rome with exceptional interest, in consequence of the fact that Pope Leo XIII. intended to be present at the service in the Sistine Chapel, and also on account of the increase of privacy observed in the conduct of the said service. Fortunately for me, I was one of the lucky few and obtained a ticket of admission; the trouble taken in obtaining the much-coveted admission was well rewarded. Many have seen the various services at St. Peter's, many have seen the Pope, but very few have been privileged to see a service so beautiful as that held to-day in the Sistine Chapel, attended by the Pope himself, and by as many as twenty Cardinals and numerous Archbishops and Bishops and Eastern Prelates, to say nothing of the Knights of Malta, the representatives from foreign Courts accredited to the Vatican, and all the most select of the aristocracy of the Italian capital.

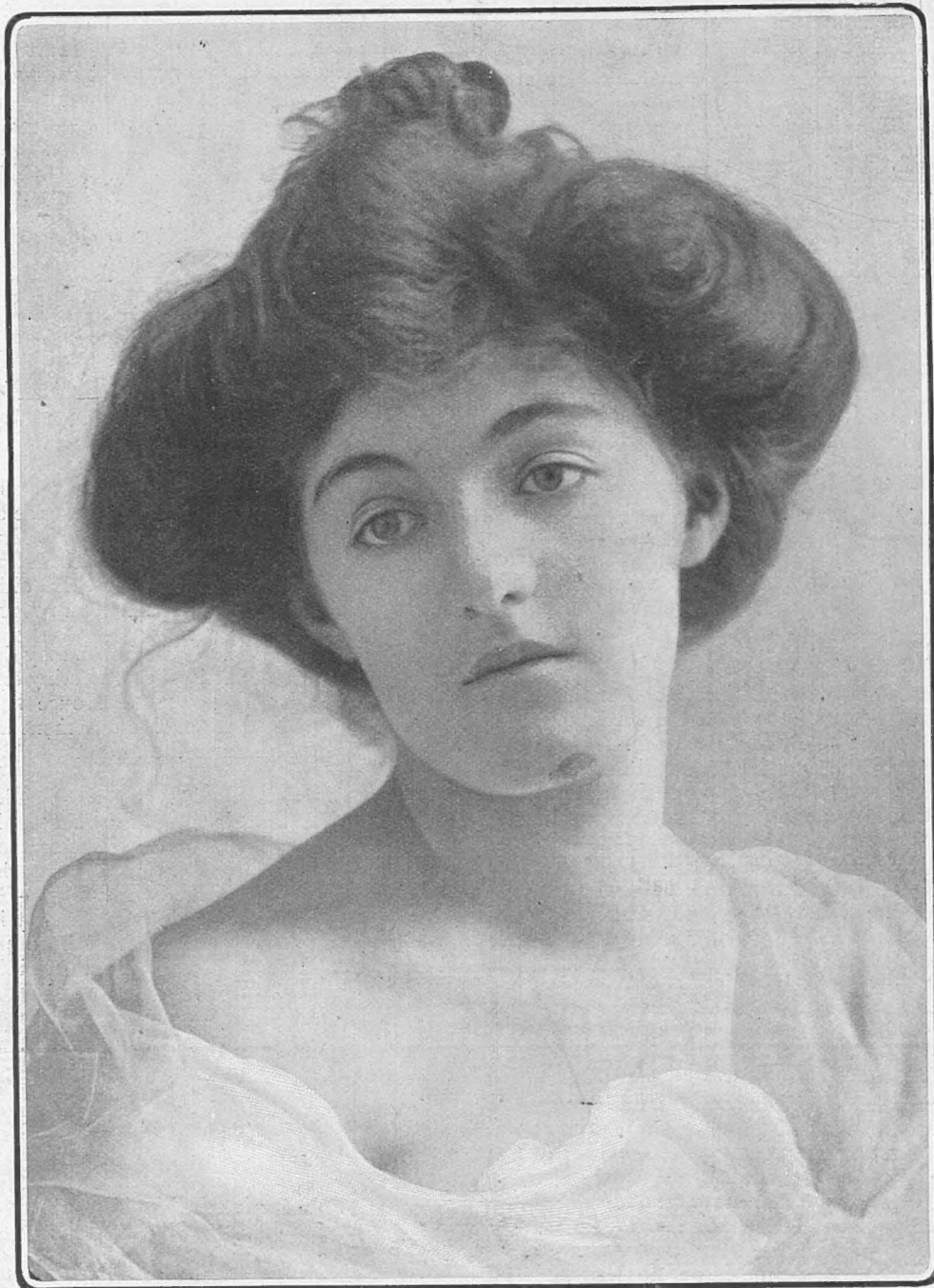
The scene was one of the most brilliant that I have ever seen; and this is saying not a little, for an English Press representative abroad has exceptional opportunities of seeing all the most interesting functions and ceremonies, and, finally, gets over-sated with Royal meetings and special church-services. To describe the Sistine Chapel is needless: all who have been to Rome must have seen it, and those who have not been there would have to read hundreds of pages of close print to obtain even the slightest shadow of an idea of its beauty. On either side of the Chapel, in two long rows, were ranged the Cardinals, each wearing a bright-red skull-cap, a white fur cape, a valuable lace-trimmed surplice, and underneath a brilliant scarlet robe, while in his hand he held his scarlet, square baretta. In front of them sat Archbishops and Bishops, clothed in purple and much fine lace, and amidst them all sat monks and brethren and heads of Eastern Churches, each dressed in his own peculiar type of garment. Beyond them stood the altar, and on the left of it the throne of the Pope: to it walked the Pope with firm and steady tread, surrounded by numerous members of his train. Leaning slightly forward, with sharp features and thin-cut face, with an enormous white shining mitre on his head, and, falling from his shoulders, a gorgeous dark-red, gold-embroidered cope, the Pope walked slowly past the throne to the altar; here he knelt and remained in that position for some considerable time.

Then the choir of men's voices broke upon the silence, the Pope rose from the altar-steps and took his seat upon the throne. There he sat, a most impressive figure, with head slightly thrown back, and profile so defined that all, even at the very back of the building, could not fail to remark its clearness of outline, listening to the exquisite music and joining in all the service. Every time he moved to the altar a member of his suite removed for him his mitre, a none too easy task when performed in a half-kneeling posture, and each time he returned to his throne the mitre was replaced.

*Pope Leo's Retort.* One of the nephews of a Cardinal who for a long time occupied a post of great honour at the Vatican had the title of Count conferred upon him recently by the Pope. Elated by his rise in rank, the young man determined to have his name placed upon the list of the Knights of Malta, who hold a very high place in the Vatican Court. On making the necessary demand at the proper quarters, he was greatly chagrined to learn that no less than sixteen quarterings were requisite for admission; he himself possessed as yet but fourteen. The Pope alone could confer the permission for enrolment without the extra two quarterings, he was told. On approaching His Holiness on the matter, he received the reply from Leo XIII. that he had better take the two wheels from his father's coat-of-arms, and then he would be supplied with the necessary number of sixteen quarterings. The point was very apt, and as cutting as it was apt, since the ambitious young man's father had been by profession a humble maker of agricultural carts.

Emperor William does not love his detectives (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*). Those who are responsible for the safety of His Majesty take great pains to hide from him the fact that agents of police are perpetually engaged in guarding him. Many are the tales told of how the Emperor on his travels has eluded the pressing attentions of the detectives. Just as little does His Majesty love the ostentatious measures of precaution adopted by the police in and around Berlin when he is riding or driving through the Metropolis. It is a familiar sight in the

German capital—the anxious mien of the mounted police, the hoarse shouts of command, the heaped-up mounds of omnibuses, carriages, and other traffic in the streets leading to the Linden Avenue, and, finally, the rapid passage through cleared causeways of the Imperial carriage. More than once the Emperor has expressed keen displeasure at the obstruction to traffic caused by the zeal of the police. On one occasion, he even called an abrupt halt to his coachman in front of the historical Brandenburg Thor and insisted that the tram-cars and traffic should resume their normal course before he proceeded. Another time, he rode up to a policeman who, seeing the approach of the Emperor at a distance of two or three hundred yards, had suddenly stopped the pulse of traffic, and addressed him as follows: "I am quite capable of finding my way alone; kindly keep yourself more in the background." A general order has now been issued to the Berlin police enjoining moderation in the measures adopted to secure the unhindered passage of the Emperor through the streets of Berlin.



MISS HORNER, WHO WILL BE ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL DÉBUTANTES OF THE COMING SEASON.

Photograph by Beresford, Yeoman's Row, Brompton Road, S.W.



A New "Star." "Bulgie," who may, perhaps, be called the "Dog Star" of Mr. Tree's recent revival of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" at His Majesty's, is a very clever actor. Though he traces his pedigree through at least four "Champions," it



MR. NORMAN THARP AND "BULGIE."

Photograph by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

is not recorded that any of his ancestors showed a decided predilection for the stage, except at Dog Shows. Born in 1897, "Bulgie" has himself won two firsts, a second, and a third; but—though, probably, his parents strongly disapproved of it—he decided early in life that his vocation was the theatre. Herein "Bulgie" showed himself a dog of discernment, since he at once became a great favourite at His Majesty's, and his owner, Mr. Norman Tharp, had several tempting offers for him. "Bulgie's" principal recreation, apart from acting, is swimming, and it is whispered that, had the stage not claimed

him for its own, he would have delighted in "rounding up" a flock of sheep. Perhaps, even yet, "Bulgie" may have an opportunity of demonstrating his versatility by a performance of the kind; but this can only be when he is "resting."

#### The Kaiser and America.

The statue of Frederick the Great presented to America by the Kaiser is to be placed in the grounds of the Army College at Washington Barracks, but the problems arising from the gift are causing great uneasiness in the States. The Venezuela trouble has embittered American feeling against Germany to such an extent that, if the Kaiser sends a delegation to Washington to unveil the statue, there may be trouble in Congress about a grant for the proper entertainment of the delegates. Even if the Bill for a grant passed safely through Congress, it is feared that the hostility to Germany will find expression in manner by no means conducive to the ends the Kaiser has in view. It has been suggested in Washington that the public presentation of the Kaiser's gift should be postponed *sine die*. There is no truth in the report that the Kaiser proposes to present a statue of Paul Kruger to the British Government or one of the late Prince Bismarck to the good people of Paris. I am inclined to believe that the Kaiser will not give away any more statues, or, if he does, will choose recipients who are more likely to acknowledge the gift in conventional manner.

#### Pigeon-shooting at Monte Carlo.

The English victory at Monte Carlo in the competition for the Grand Prix was a very popular one, for Mr. Pellier-Johnson carried away the prize from one hundred and thirty competitors, after a three days' contest. The second day was very wet and dismal, but the third atoned for it. On the following day, another Englishman, Mr. Watson, took the Prix de Monte Carlo from nearly ninety competitors, to the unrestrained delight of the onlookers. For once we seem to hold our own against universal competition, for among the shooters at the *tir aux pigeons* there were Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, Russians, Austrians, Americans—all picked men. At the same time, it is a pity that clay pigeons cannot be used for these competitions. I am told that by the end of the present season no less than fifty thousand pigeons will have been slaughtered. If they were all killed outright, this would be bad enough; but this can never be, and the sight of wounded birds fluttering or walking painfully about the gardens after a contest is eloquent reminder enough that pigeon-shooting is abominably cruel. I believe that clay pigeons, with special traps, would do all that is required for the sporting side of these fixtures. The presence of large numbers of ladies at the pigeon-shooting competitions has been a marked and unpleasant feature of the present season.

The "Cercle Privé." Writing of Monte Carlo reminds me that the gamblers who find the hours too short and the play too low in the "Salle de Jeu." The rooms of the "Cercle Privé" are at the top of the staircase, on the way to the reading- and writing-room, where the authorities dole out sheets of poor notepaper and envelopes in very careful fashion, as though they could not well afford to part with the precious stuff. You can't play with silver in the

"Cercle Privé," and, so long as people like to remain in fair quantity, there is no difficulty in getting a game. By the time these lines are printed Monte Carlo will have started its Grand Opera Season with the first performance of "Le Tasse," by Count Eugène d'Harcourt. The opera is founded upon the story of the love of Torquato Tasso for Leonora de Ferrara, and among the artists engaged are M. Gaston Dubois, Madame Louis Grandjean, and Madame Deschamps-Jehin, wife of the conductor of the Casino orchestra. Monte Carlo has had to endure severe competition from Nice this season in matters musical, and the authorities are doing their best to establish the superiority of Monte Carlo's Grand Opera Season.

#### The Cairo Season.

Cairo is having a very gay Season this winter. The American affection for Egypt grows year by year; many English people are glad of a change after some seasons in the shadow of the Alpes Maritimes or Pyrenees. Owing to the presence of the Anglo-Egyptian Army, there is plenty of amusement, and, to make more, Cairo has endeavoured, with moderate success, to imitate Monte Carlo. A "Casino du Caire," with a "Cercle Privé," has been started, with baccarat as well as roulette for the attraction, and the gambling mania seemed to have a healthy chance of spreading until Lord Cromer was due in the Egyptian capital. Then the police suddenly exercised their rights and dropped heavily upon all gambling establishments; for Lord Cromer is second only to "K. of K." as a disciplinarian, and had he found gambling hells springing up in Cairo the police would have had the worst possible time. There are many distinguished visitors in the city now, some attracted by the *tir aux pigeons* just opened. The Archduke Joseph Ferdinand, the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, Mr. Howard Gould, the Duke and Duchess of Portland, and Lord St. Oswald have either arrived or are on their way, and many other visitors are staying in Cairo on their way back from the Delhi Durbar.

It has long been a source of regret to me that sea-serpents, giant gooseberries, and other "noyful fowl" should flourish only in the summer-time. Winter in London is very dull, and a sensation helps to pass it pleasantly. Naturally enough, then, I welcome the appearance of wild cats of rare breed, large size, and astounding ferocity to be found by mighty hunters somewhere under the Savoy Hotel. These wild cats are of great height; their eyes are of extraordinary brightness; they vary in size, shape, and colour according to the genius of the reporter. If Tartarin of Tarascon were with us now, he would be the best man to send out at the head of an expedition for their extermination. The great danger of their continued immunity should not be overlooked. In course of time they may grow to the size of bullocks, like the cat in the "Arabian Nights" story of the hunchback who married a beautiful Princess against her will. I have heard of "wild cats" in London before these were discovered, but they were always to be found east of Temple Bar and were spoken about on the Stock Exchange. They were often of a South African, West African, or Australian variety. The Savoy cats are home-bred, and I look with interest to the time when one will be on view.



MASTER CYRIL SMITH

IN THE TITLE-RÔLE OF "THE ADOPTION OF ARCHIBALD," AT THE AVENUE.

Photograph by Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane.

A new periodical devoted exclusively to the interest of cats is promised for early publication. It will be called the *Cat World*, and will not, I understand, be the organ of any special school of cats, but will take a broad and tolerant position.



*M. Henry Bataille.*

Although in the multitude of counsellors there may be wisdom, in a posse of paragraphists there is not always accuracy. This has been somewhat extensively illustrated of late by the manner in which certain statements have been made regarding the adapters of Tolstoy's "Resurrection," namely, M. Henry Bataille (of France) and Mr. Michael Morton (of America). Concerning M. Bataille, many seem to have mixed him up with a previous M. Bataille who vouchsafed sundry plays to the Parisians many years ago. As a matter of fact, the present Bataille is comparatively young. His principal previous plays, before assisting to adapt "Resurrection" were a four-Act comedy called "L'Enchantement," produced at the Odéon some three years ago, and a three-Act comedy, entitled "Le Masque," played at the Paris Vaudeville last April. It was at the Odéon that "Resurrection" was produced some four months ago.

*Mr. Morton.*

Touching Mr. Morton, the co-adapter of "Resurrection," the biographical errors concerning that young Hebrew-American have been really droll. In the first place, some confound him with Mr. Edward Morton, the librettist of "San Toy," while most others who "name" him regard him as Mr. Hugh Morton, who is the librettist of "The Belle of New York," and brother of Mr. G. B. McClellan, the well-known American

*A Spanish Grandee.*

The Duke of Tetuan, who has just died at Madrid after an illness of three weeks, was one of the most important political personages of Spain. The Duke was an Irishman by descent, for he was the nephew and heir of the celebrated Marshal O'Donnell, who was created Duke of Tetuan by Queen Isabella after his victory over the troops of the Sultan of Morocco. The Duke was Aide-de-Camp to his uncle during the war with Morocco, and in 1868 took part with him in the Revolution, and was major-domo of the Palace under King Amadeo. Under King Alfonso XII. he joined the Liberal Party, and was made Minister for Foreign Affairs by Señor Sagasta. Later on he joined the Conservatives, and was again made Minister for Foreign Affairs. He had the misfortune to be the Minister who directed Spain's last efforts to retain her rule in Cuba.

*A Compliment from Paris.*

The *Débats* is kind enough to say some very nice things about *The Sketch* Photographic Interviews. Referring to the interview with M. Santos-Dumont, our Paris contemporary declares that the photographs tell us more of the mental attitude of the celebrated Brazilian than twenty pages of the most acute psychological study. The spoken interview, it holds, is out-of-date, and therefore *The Sketch* has replaced it by a new idea. Among other things, the Photographic Interview reveals to us

#### THE ADAPTERS OF "RESURRECTION."



MR. MICHAEL MORTON.



M. HENRY BATAILLE.

impresario, who was sometime concerned with the running of the then New Century (but now once again Adelphi) Theatre. As a matter of fact, Mr. Michael Morton, the American co-adapter of "Resurrection," has for some time been principally engaged in concocting American "farce-comedies," as they are called out there. I think the above-mentioned chroniclers will find, if they search, that Mr. Michael Morton's first play-written essay in London was "Miss Francis of Yale," which had its first London production some five years ago at the Globe.

*A Magnificent Topaz.*

On the occasion of the Pope's Pontifical Jubilee; a Committee at Naples, presided over by Archbishop Giustino Adami, will present his Holiness with the largest topaz in the world. The gem has a curious history. It was found in the mines of Geraës, in Brazil, and was originally the property of the Neapolitan Bourbons. When they were driven out of Naples, the stone passed into the hands of the Cariello family, one of whom, Professor Andrea Cariello, undertook to engrave on it a cameo of "Christ Breaking the Eucharistic Bread." He offered the topaz to the Count of Caserta, the actual head of the Neapolitan Bourbons, but the Prince refused to accept it, and asked that it should be presented to the Pope at his Jubilee. The topaz is one of the largest engraved gems in the world, and ranks after the great French cameo and the Viennese cameos.

that M. Santos-Dumont is an artist by showing us the bronzes, flowers, medals, and other beautiful things with which he decorates his rooms. It is not often that an English paper has so many pretty things said of it by one of its Parisian contemporaries.

*A Revolution in French Uniforms.*

Visitors to France will in a short time be unable to recognise the once familiar red-legged French soldier. It appears that the Minister of War is quite in earnest about altering the uniforms of the French Army, and that very shortly the red infantry-trousers will be abolished in favour of trousers of a greyish blue. Moreover, the képi is doomed and will be replaced by a soft hat like that worn by our Irregulars in South Africa. The epaulettes and the white gloves are to go, and all buttons are to be made of black horn.

*The Finances of Zola.*

It comes as a surprise to see that Madame Zola has to sell off the hôtel in the Rue de Bruxelles and the château at Médan. It was generally believed that Zola died worth about £120,000 in hard cash, but it seems he was almost dependent on his royalties. Where his money went to it is difficult to understand. He entertained but slightly and his life was apparently simplicity itself. It is estimated that Madame Zola will have an income of about £500 a-year.



## SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

*The New Hermione.* It had for years been one of the ambitions of Sarah Bernhardt's life to play Hermione, as a sort of appendage to her portrayal of the title-rôle in "Andromaque" in her Comédie-Française days (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). I regret to say that the work was spoiled by what is rare in Sarah's house. The mounting of the piece was



MDLE. ROLL, A FAVOURITE OF THE PARISIAN STAGE.

Photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

positively modern, and the manœuvring of the courtiers and courtesans unnerved one. There was not a semblance that suggested stage-culture. The utter lack of deportment or Court etiquette in the presence of Pyrrhus almost led to laughter. One spectator certainly did hiss, but he was somewhat roughly and unreasonably taken to the police-station, which is passing curious considering that the Paris Courts have laid it down that a member of the audience is perfectly within his rights in expressing his blame or appreciation as it may please him. As to Sarah, she played magnificently and carried the house with her, even with those who hardly appreciated the tender character she gave to Hermione.

*The End of It.* Caroline Letessier has died in sheer poverty, like Cora Pearl and all the glories of the Second and Third Empires in their gayest form. She was an actress, but the theatre was an impediment for her. Half Europe could recall her, for the aristocracy followed her and attempted and even committed suicide for her sake. A quarter of a century ago, when money was free in France, her reputation was the terror of Paris night-restaurants. At the Café d'Anglais or the Maison Dorée, the first move of this bejewelled and bedecked queen was to put butter into the clock, so that, supper once ordered, no one was worried with the signal of the advancing hours. The piano was her pet aversion, and half-a-dozen bottles of champagne were poured into the works by the waiter under her very emphatic instructions. Her jewels were the envy of the Court ladies and her dresses set the fashion. But the old order changeth, and she sank and sank till it ended in a garret.

*Dreyfus Redivivus.* It is feared that the Dreyfus case may be revived. I do not for one moment believe it probable. The only man to be at the head of such a crusade is Alfred Dreyfus himself. I know Dreyfus, and he is apathetic. He has sufficiently suffered, and, supposing he was rehabilitated, he appreciates the emptiness of the whole thing. His life is that of the well-to-do bourgeois. The sales of jewellery and curiosities at the Hôtel Druout have the same fascination for him as for all Hebrews. He is a passionate first-nighter, and, curiously enough, devoted to the translations of English authors which now flood the Paris market. He is perfectly happy in the society of his wife and children and has no desire to be once more dragged into notoriety.

*A Theatrical Trust.* I hear that Paris is to be taken over by a Theatrical Trust. Three music-halls and two theatres will join the scheme. This is simply to commence with. No names are given of either houses or promoters, but I am sufficiently behind the scenes to say that two of the music-halls will be the Olympia and the Folies-Bergères, owned by the Isola Brothers; one of the theatres will be the Variétés and the other the Gaité. It will be a novelty to see the development of the venture. If the profits are pooled, it will be an advantage for the Gaité, which is proverbially unlucky.

*M. Raffaëlli.* The new method of painting invented by M. Raffaëlli seems to have "caught on," but whether as a permanent favourite or merely as a momentary plaything remains to be seen. At first, artists regarded it with scepticism, then with curiosity; next, many were tempted to experiment, and now quite a number are interested. It will not suit everyone, for, of course, the sticks of solid colour, which are used as pastels, cannot give any semblance of the flowing brushwork that is now so much affected; but the convenience that they offer, especially for sketching out-of-doors without all the usual paraphernalia, is beyond question. You may use the pigments in their solid state as pastels, and, if you prefer to do so, you may brush your work about with turpentine and so produce an effect resembling water-colour; or you may make your picture look like an ordinary oil-painting by manipulating it with hog-hair brushes and linseed-oil.

All these possibilities are illustrated in the exhibition of works produced in the new way at the Holland Gallery, where several prominent English and foreign artists are represented. M. Raffaëlli himself sends some admirable landscapes; there is a portrait by Professor Herkomer, a tigress by Mr. Swan; richly coloured compositions of boys and boats are sent by Mr. Tuke, and delicate harmonies by Mr. Alfred East. Fritz Thaulow's crisp technique seems to find suitable expression through the new medium in some strong presentations of scenes in Norway and Brittany. That dainty painter, Jules Chéret, shows a fascinating pair, "A Girl in Yellow" and "A Girl in Rose," which have none of the dry effect that in some hands results from the use of the solid colours; and Alfred Besnard

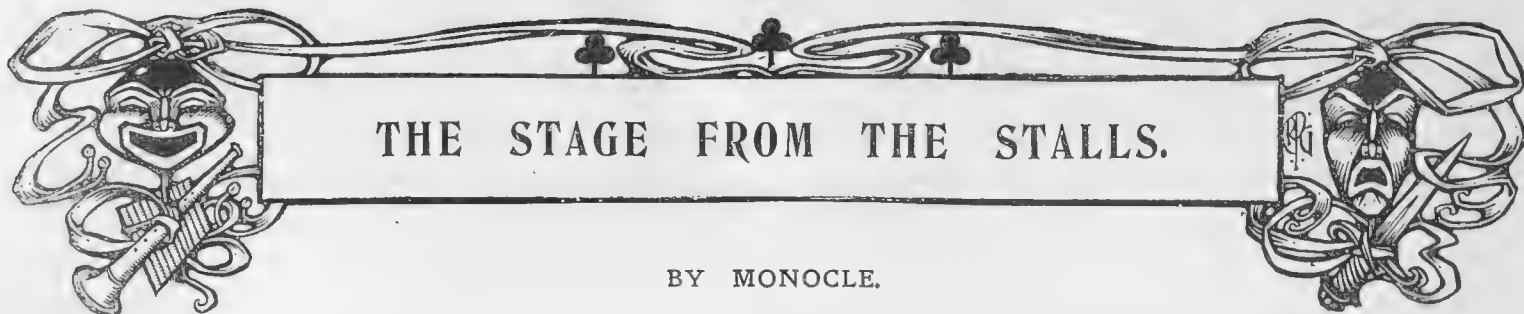


M. JEAN F. RAFFAËLLI, INVENTOR OF THE "NEW METHOD" OF PAINTING.

Photograph by Otto, Paris.

demonstrates in "La Source," where a pretty figure appears in a sylvan setting, how the liquid quality of water-colour is to be obtained by means of M. Raffaëlli's invention. Visitors to the Gallery may have the method explained to them.





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY MONOCLE.

"THE LIGHT THAT FAILED"—"A CLEAN SLATE"—"DIE VERSUNKENE GLOCKE."

IT is a long time since a play has had such an enthusiastic reception as that given to "George Fleming's" adaptation of Kipling's second version of his novel, or since a whole cast has been so warmly applauded as the Company which appeared in the new piece at the Lyric. The dramatist, with quite remarkable skill, has set on the stage the salient features of the book, and contrived a dialogue full of Kipling phrases, united by speeches so well written as not to seem dull by comparison. Necessarily more is left out than put in, but the task of selection has been accomplished with great judgment, and, though probably those who do not know the book will be puzzled sometimes, an effective story full of movement is the outcome of the playwright's work; nevertheless, most people, I fancy, will feel a little shocked by the flagrant conventionality of the ending. It is the misfortune of the book and play that Maisie is so well drawn at the beginning that the inconsistency of her character and conduct cannot be denied. It must be added, too, that the playwright has given us a rather ascetic Dick instead of the Dick at one time depressed by the thought of "the murkiness of an average man's life," in which there was nothing "to fill him with any sense of virtue": this, however, is rather a gain, since Mr. Forbes-Robertson is hardly the actor to suggest the naughty aspect of Dick's sensual days. It seems to me that the task could not have been better accomplished on what one, perhaps, must consider the only practical lines, though I fancy that the house would have been pleased if the Red-haired Girl had got her innings, and that this could have been arranged without causing the critics to grumble. As it is, London will flock to see the "Special Correspondents" who revel noisily in gladness: at the thoughts of war, and in the vigorously handled episodes connected with Bessie Broke, whilst the painful scene in which utter blindness overwhelms Dick will cause gallons of tears to be shed, nor will the part of the faithful "Torp," admirably presented by Mr. Aubrey Smith, fail to find ardent admirers.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson had a triumph; physically, he did not suggest one's idea of Dick—indeed, he even suppressed the moustache that grew white with the frost on the day when he and Maisie revisited their old home by the sea—but his work was rich in character and his display of mental agony at the end of the second Act was wonderfully powerful. After this the most successful work was that of Miss Nina Boucicault—the Bessie Broke—who gave a pure study of ugly character and was quite unsparing of herself; the vulgarity, the impudence, the cowardice, and the vileness of the creature were displayed pitilessly and received enthusiastically. Miss Gertrude Elliott, the Maisie, was clever enough in showing the hardness of the girl, and in the last scene acted with a good deal of power. Miss Margaret Halstan, as the Red-haired Girl, showed great skill in giving a vivid suggestion, in the few lines allotted to her, of her deep, hopeless love for Dick. Small parts, such as Mrs. Haynes and the French *bonne*, were capably presented by Miss Griffin and Miss Caldwell. Mr. Ean Macdonald (with a wonderfully good accent as the Scotch artist), Mr. Sydney Valentine, and Mr. William Farren junior aided excellently a performance of quite remarkable merit.

The noisy affair at the Criterion Theatre may have been only a storm in a pit, but possibly will teach Managers a little wisdom. The curtain was raised before the time announced—there is only one entrance to the stalls at the Criterion, superb result of the alterations—consequently the inhabitants of the pit were annoyed by finding sight and sound impeded because of people struggling uncomfortably to their seats. Here was an obvious fault of the Management. People should be taken as they are. The ordinary playgoer whose seat is reserved considers himself punctual if he reaches the playhouse at the advertised hour, but the difficulty of setting down people, the time spent in showing them to their places, and the physical obstacles to reaching them, cause some minutes to be wasted, and it would be well if Managers were to assume that five minutes' grace is necessary, and act up to the rule severely.

I do not pretend that the ordinary pittance knows exactly why a piece, even a piece that he thinks clever, displeases him. His is "not to reason why." It is, however, the duty of the critic to find reasons for his feelings, a logical basis for his antipathies, and to repudiate the idea that he ever acts like the Tom Brown hostile to Dr. Fell, and, in fact, it is not very difficult to say why, after being delighted, one was disappointed by "A Clean Slate." In the circus one admires the man who drives two or more unharmonious horses; the playwright who gives us two plots which refuse to merge because they are of different class generally comes a cropper. The

first Act presented a curious but charming idyll of middle-age rooted in the generally sterile muck-heap of the Divorce Court. We were charmed by Admiral Desbrook and Mrs. Auberton, moved by their antique romance, and quite anxious that the system of divorce—repugnant to the feelings of many worthy people—should set them free from two ill-chosen mates and permit them to unite in a happy bond the latter days of two disturbed lives. An effective piece could very well have been contrived, though it might have been rather ugly, by presenting an intrigue based upon the efforts of the unscrupulous discarded spouses to prevent, in their cases, that gabbling over of names by a Registrar which is professionally dignified by the term of "making the decrees absolute." We could have been moved and thrilled if the union of the two had been imperilled, and we naturally expected a play founded upon some dangerous opposition to their desires, instead of which we were asked to take amusement in the farcical antics of the wretched creatures, who never had a chance of injuring the new happiness of hero and heroine. There was a flagrant outrage of one of those rules based on observation which we call "laws of dramatic art." Consequently, though the author was witty, the characters were quaintly fashioned, and the acting showed ingenuity, we were like people invited to satisfy themselves with savouries when really hungry for a *pièce de résistance*. Certainly some scenes were excellent farce, and the characters of the farmer and his foolish rustic man, brilliantly acted by Mr. Mackintosh and Mr. Volpe, were genuine comic creations. Yet, remarkable as the acting of Mr. Mackintosh was, it may be hinted that he is still guilty of his besetting sin of over-elaboration. Mr. Somerset and Mr. Harwood were funny, yet ultra-farcical, but Miss Nellie Sydney played cleverly and kept well within limits. Miss Compton was Miss Compton; her parts are written so as to fit her perfectly and so are perfectly acted, and her curious charm rendered Mrs. Auberton a true figure of comedy. Mr. Brandon Thomas, though hampered by the lack of memory which not infrequently attacks him on a first-night, gave a delightful picture of the amorous Admiral.

The combination of poet, philosopher, and dramatist is rare enough to make the production of Hauptmann's "Die Versunkene Glocke" by the German Company now at Penley's Theatre an event of considerable importance. To an English audience, no doubt, the play's very virtues would be its worst defects: the long rhapsodies of the artist, transfigured by the worship of light and truth in Nature and struggling towards the sun, would be voted dullness; and the man of stern common-sense prides himself on seeing nothing but immorality and insanity when, for dramatic purposes, the movements of the artist's soul from lower ideals to higher and back again are illustrated in terms of ordinary love, marriage, and the like. The poet, it seems, may speak in metaphors; he may say, for instance, that Heinrich, chafing under the limitations of the conventional art which have cramped him all his life, breaks his bonds and goes up into the hills to mate with sincerity and freedom; but let him make Heinrich a worthy bell-founder married to a pleasant, chubby wife, whom he deserts for a witching fairy whose conversation is rather more frank than befits a well-conducted drawing-room, and we echo with the Vicar in "The Sunken Bell," "For this there is no name but madness, and wicked madness." But perhaps the moralist will be inclined to deal less harshly with this particular fantasy than he is accustomed to do with the efforts of the unhappy Ibsen: for Heinrich, unable, by reason of some incorrigible weakness, or virtue (according to the point of view), to lose himself altogether in his Temple of Nature, or lunatic asylum (as the case may be), is drawn back again to earth by the tolling of the bell he lost in a lake, rung by the hand of his drowned wife, and by the vision of his two children bearing an urn full of their dead mother's tears. However, his repentance is only half-hearted: he is still crying aloud for the fairy, and, after drinking a poison, he dies in her arms, so, perhaps, he has again forfeited the sympathy of both the moralist and the person who cannot stand a hero who leaves you wondering what he means and whether he means anything at all.

The German Company are more accustomed to giving us the homely side of life, and it is therefore one more proof of their versatility that they can attempt three hours of romance and ecstasy and come through it with success. Fräulein Elsa Gademann is delightful as the elf-spirit, Rautendelein, and Herr Taeger almost as successful as the bell-founder, Heinrich; Herr Max Behrend's performance as a brutish Genius of the Well is a remarkable study of half-bestial and gruesome humanity; and Fräulein Cela Enrici is quite excellent in the comparatively small part of Heinrich's wife.





MISS JULIA NEILSON AS COUNT VLADIMIR IN "FOR SWORD OR SONG,"

AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

*Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*



## FULHAM PALACE,

ONE OF THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S RESIDENCES.

WHILE most of the Bishops have to be content with a single residence within their diocese, the Bishop of London has two, Fulham Palace—some of the features of which this article illustrates—and London House, St. James's Square, where at the moment, by the way, he happens to be staying.

The Palace is by no means a very interesting building in itself either externally or internally, but it is remarkable as being one of the few houses in London—if, indeed, it is not the only one—still surrounded by a moat. This is about a mile in circumference and is kept flushed with water, so that it is in much the same condition as it was in the pre-Reformation days, for the low building composed of red and black bricks was built by Bishop FitzJames in the reign of Henry VII. Centuries before that, however, the Bishops of London lived at Fulham, in a house on the site of the Palace, and the first Bishop who is known with certainty to have had his dwelling-place there was Bishop Robert Seal, who ruled the See in 1241, during the reign of Henry III.

Those Bishops held their right to the Palace as Lords of the Manor, that office having been the prerogative of the Bishops from very early times. Antiquarians insist that Fulham is merely a modern form of spelling Fullenham—"the home of fowls"—though whether the suburb was devoted chiefly to poultry-farmers on a small scale it would be difficult to determine.

From the church a drive known as Bishop's Walk leads through the avenue to the Palace, and by a private gateway opening on to the avenue there is a short-cut across the Palace lawn up to the house itself. It was on that lawn that one of the King's dinners was given last summer in celebration of His Majesty's Coronation, and the usually well-kept turf was for a day or two transformed out of all recognition of its trim appearance. The lawn has an extensive area, covering, as it does, several acres; and, whatever may be the habit of Dr. Winnington Ingram, the late Dr. Mandell Creighton used always to keep a few cows, for which there is excellent pasturage.

The gardens are filled with rare shrubs, which were planted by Bishop Grindal, who made horticulture one of his hobbies; and there is still in the grounds a fine cork-tree, which, however, dates back, it is believed, to a much earlier period.

A roadway through the football-field also leads from the principal street of Fulham up to the lodge-gates of the Palace, and through the drive the principal entrance is reached. The Courtyard is decidedly quaint, on account of the squat appearance of the house, while time has softened the original colours of the bricks, so that the walls make a harmonious background for the large flock of grey pigeons

which love to congregate near the fountain that stands in the middle of the square before the chief doorway. A little house for the pigeons may, indeed, be seen in the left corner of the illustration, and there are few more beautiful sights than to see the flocks of birds flying upwards when startled, or dropping gracefully to earth again, their fears allayed, as there are few more beautiful sounds than the whirring of their wings as, with almost one accord, they leave the ground to seek safety, if not sanctuary, on the roofs above the ivy-covered walls. Over the gateway to the garden may still be seen the Arms of Bishop FitzJames, while practically in the garden itself is the Chapel, which was built as recently as 1867 by Butterfield for Bishop Tait, who, it will be remembered, was translated to Canterbury the following year, and who was succeeded by Dr. Jackson, Bishop of Lincoln, who in ten years

after his election consecrated no fewer than eighty-four churches. The interior of the Chapel is very plain and lacks everything in the way of elaborate decoration or ornamentation.

The most notable room in the house is the Library, which may be said to be the episcopal portrait gallery, for on its walls hang pictures of many of the most famous Bishops. The Library, indeed, owes much to Dr. Porteus, who ruled the See just a century ago, for he did not die until 1809. So dominant was his influence that it is invariably spoken of as the Porteus Library. Among the most treasured portraits is one of Bishop Ridley, who lived at Fulham for four years, succeeding Bishop Bonner. Although, as everyone knows, when a Bishop leaves his Palace for any reason his family naturally leave too, yet Bonner's mother and sister stayed on as Ridley's guests, and were treated by him

with the greatest possible consideration. As a matter of fact, the place of honour was always reserved for the lady who, with a lofty chivalry, he always referred to as "our mother Bonner."

The Bishop's study is a fine, sunny room of splendid proportions which looks on to the lawn. It is *par excellence* the Bishop's working-room, and its book-shelves contain a great deal of ecclesiastical literature, as well as much of the data relating to the work of the See.

What that work is the general public has little idea, and probably only the Bishop himself and his secretaries could give any accurate information on the subject, and even they only if they kept a record of it. The Diocese of London is not an extensive one so far as area is concerned, though, by reason of its enormous population, its work is overwhelming and is constantly growing. For this reason the estimate made by Dr. Winnington Ingram's predecessor that, in a year, he delivered 288 speeches, sermons, and addresses, and received and answered nearly twenty thousand letters, is probably under rather than over the mark, and that embraces but a small portion of the duties.



THE CHAPEL AND SOUTH FRONT.

Photograph by H. N. King, London.



FULHAM PALACE.



THE PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE.



THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S STUDY.

*Photographs by H. N. King, London.*

## "F. C. G.,"

## AN ASSET OF THE LIBERAL PARTY—AND THE "WESTMINSTER GAZETTE."

WHISPER the mystic name in his ear, and you will get a cartoon of Mr. Chamberlain, accurate in its likeness, pointed in its application, and refined in its humour, as certainly as if you put a penny in the slot of an automatic machine.

If it is a political axiom that the King can do no wrong, it might be said, without stretching the fabric of truth to its breaking-point, that Mr. Chamberlain can do no right in the eyes of one of his most vehement and most brilliant critics. Yet so fair is the play that, though, politically, "F. C. G." objects to the Colonial Secretary even as the bull objects to the red rag, it would by no means surprise anyone to know that this antagonism is political and not personal. Mr. Chamberlain himself is much too strong a character and has been in public life too long to object to public criticism, though it is difficult to get people outside the political world to understand the difference between political and personal dislike. Though no one has year in and year out so persistently—may one say?—pilloried Mr. Chamberlain as the cartoonist of the *Westminster Gazette*, yet it is an open secret that some time ago Mr. Chamberlain sent his photograph to Mr. Gould, and on it wrote, "From the real Chamberlain to the author of the fictitious Chamberlain." When the news got noised abroad, it was served up with a delicate bit of embroidery, to the effect that, in acknowledging its receipt, Mr. Gould had written that "it was difficult to discriminate between the two." It was one of the things which might have been said, which, for the sake of the humour of the thing, perhaps, ought to have been said, as, for the sake of its cleverness, it would have been forgiven if it had been said, but the veracious chronicler of events must admit that it was not—a proof, if one were needed, that Mr. Gould knows even better than how to take an opportunity how to forego an advantage.

Not a few of the members of the House of Commons and other statesmen beside Mr. Chamberlain make a collection of Mr. Gould's cartoons. Prominent among them is Lord Rosebery, who has bought many of the originals. Perhaps his favourite is the delightful picture of "The Family 'Bus," which was so popular during the election of 1895. The vehicle was represented as being full of the members of the Cabinet, with Lord Salisbury standing on the step as conductor. Mr. Chamberlain, as a middle-aged lady, carrying Mr. Jesse Collings as a pet dog and leading Mr. Powell Williams and Mr. Austen Chamberlain as small boys, was represented hailing the 'bus and remarking that some of the gentlemen inside must get outside to make room for them.

One reason why Mr. Gould's caricatures are so universally popular is probably because, as he told an interviewer only a very little while ago, he has always remembered what Izaak Walton said to the angler: "Put your worm on the hook as if you loved him," and he has always done so with regard to those opposed to him politically.

If there is one thing more remarkable than another in Mr. Gould's career, it is the fact that it was comparatively late in life that he took up as a profession the one in which he has made so great a reputation. Although the son of an architect and living to a great extent in an atmosphere of art, he never intended to go in for it as a profession. In proof of this, when he was sixteen he became a clerk in a bank at Barnstaple, where his parents lived. After four years, he came to London as a stockbroker's clerk, and eventually became a member of

the Exchange, on which he spent some twenty years of his life. All during that time, however, caricaturing had been a hobby, and there is hardly a broker's office to-day in which some of the Gould caricatures of the Stock Exchange members of his day may not be seen framed and hung on the walls. As a bank clerk, many of the customers were naturally caricatured by Mr. Gould's pen as a recreation to the monotony of adding up figures, while even at school he caricatured the incidents as he learned them in history, and must have scandalised the heathen gods and goddesses by the way he has admitted he treated the classics. It is the province of the small boy to wreak an unreasoning vengeance on some defenceless thing. In Mr. Gould's case he took his pleasures in a more refined but not less satisfying manner. The gaoler of Barnstaple was an eccentric individual who lent himself to caricature, and the young caricaturist turned him

into everything under the sun, to that worthy man's supreme indignation. At last, the old fellow could stand it no longer, and he went off to the Mayor with a stern complaint. "Oh! you mustn't take any notice of it," said the Chief Magistrate; "he is only a youngster, you know." "But that bain't the worst of it, sir," replied the irate gaoler; "e's been a-caricaturing of you too," and in the worthy man's eyes that offence could probably only have been atoned for with "three months' hard."

No one needs to be reminded that Mr. Gould possesses an extraordinary freshness in dealing with men and matters, or that he has a wonderful facility for catching a likeness. It will, however, probably surprise most people to learn that he does not give up making fresh studies in the Houses of Parliament, so as to keep touch with changing faces and phases. Thus, he was the first and, for a long time, the only artist to present Mr. Balfour as other than a remarkably thin man, for, as all who have seen the Prime Minister aver, he has of late shown a decided tendency to put on weight. The result of this change in Mr. Gould's method is to be found in the fact that he has said that, in looking over his old caricatures of Mr. Chamberlain,

he has been struck with the fact that they are by no means like that statesman now; yet everybody admits that at the time they were extraordinarily like.

Mr. Gould has a weakness for Sir John Froissart, whose "Chronicles" have inspired an adaptation, "Froissart's Modern Chronicles," to which a companion volume for 1902 is about to be issued. Furthermore, Mr. Gould's study in his house he calls his "Froissart Room," from the style of decorations, which were suggested by the "Knights' Procession." The frieze on one side of the room represents members of the Cabinet in fourteenth-century costumes riding in a sort of Canterbury Pilgrims' procession, while on the opposite side are the members of the Opposition at sea, and Lord Rosebery at the mast-head on a ship is trying to "catch sight" of a favourable breeze.

Cats are the pet animals of the Gould household, especially black cats, and three of them in heraldic attitudes are represented on the walls.

Mr. Gould tempers the modernity of his methods of caricature by indulging in a little mediævalism in his surroundings, and he has a weakness for things quaint and Japanesque. Two of his sons are artists, and he is shown in one of the illustrations on the other page pointing out an excellent portrait of himself painted by his eldest son.



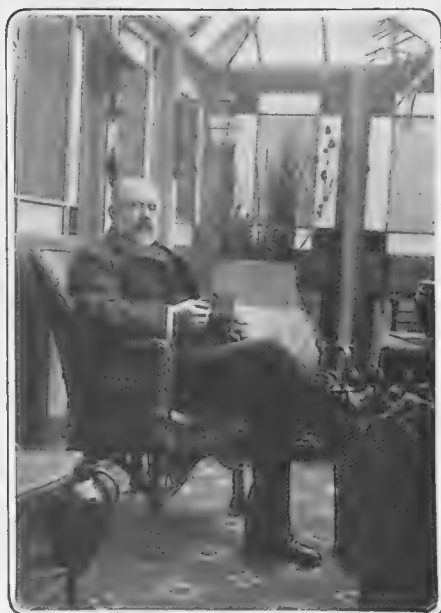
"F. C. G." AT WORK UPON A CARTOON FOR THE "WESTMINSTER GAZETTE."

Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."



"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

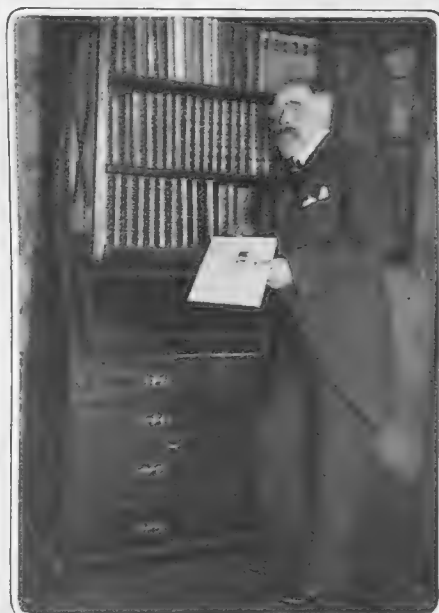
XXXII.—MR. F. CARRUTHERS GOULD ("F. C. G.").



"GOOD-MORNING. IT SEEMS I AM NOT THE ONLY EARLY RISER IN LONDON."



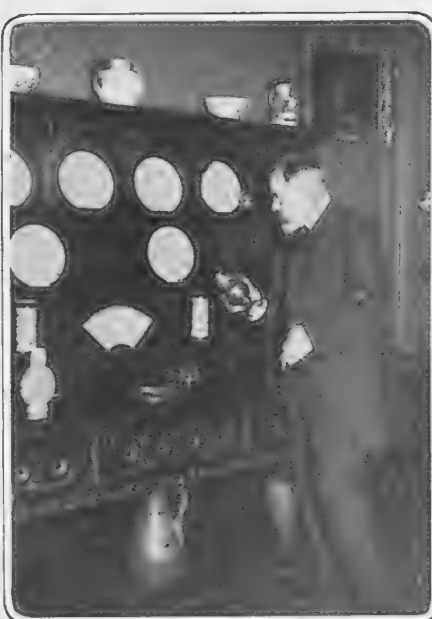
"WELL, TO OUR WORK ALIVE. WE WILL START WITH THE JAPANESE DEPARTMENT."



"THEN, AFTER A GLIMPSE OF THE LIBRARY——"



"——WE FIND OURSELVES IN THE MIDDLE AGES."



"THE ATTENTION OF THE VISITOR SHOULD BE DRAWN TO THE OLD OAK FURNITURE——"



"——WHILST THE NAPOLEONIC AND BUDDHISTIC IDOLS ARE WELL WORTHY OF INSPECTION."



"HERE WE HAVE A CAT PASSANT GUARDANT SABLE."



"AND THERE A PORTRAIT OF MYSELF DONE BY MY SON."



"I NOW EMBARK, WITHOUT DELAY, UPON THE DUTIES OF THE DAY."

## "OUT WYOMING WAY."

(AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF A COWBOY AT OLYMPIA.)



### I.

London, Sir? Waal, I ain't thought very much  
How I like it. It seems a bit strange to us boys.  
Not like home? Why, yer tongue's running off with yer head,  
Out thar it's as quiet and still as the dead;  
But now we can't hear ourselves spzak for the noise,  
Carts and hansoms are passing the whole blessed day.  
It ain't much like this, Sir,

Out Wyoming way.



### II.

Have I ever seen danger? I reckon that's good.  
Why, a dozen of times I've looked death in the face.  
A stampede of cattle out there in the plains  
Is a common event when it thunders and rains;  
An' I tell yer wild steers go the hell of a pace.  
If your horse makes a slip on some treacherous clay,  
You won't ride again, Sir,

Out Wyoming way.

### III.

The narrowest go as I've had for my skin?  
I can't say exactly. Perhaps 'twas the night—  
I was working just then on a ranche in the West  
Where the Indian horse-thieves had been quite a pest—  
When we tackled the reds, in a hand-to-hand fight.  
There'd bin hot blood between us for many a day,  
And hot blood means shooting

Out Wyoming way.

### IV.

There was ten of us boys, fifty miles from the ranche,  
Rounding up some stray cows that belonged to the boss,  
When the beggars attacked, and before you'd say "knife,"  
Ev'ry man was prepared to account for his life,  
Though most of us didn't much value its loss.  
If you ain't men of action, yer lives have to pay  
When you're tackled by redskins

Out Wyoming way.

### V.

We'd kept 'em at bay for three parts of an hour—  
They'd have shot us like rats if it hadn't been night—  
When they rushed, and we Cowboys, the odds five to one,  
Vaulted into our saddles and just cut and run.  
But a rifle-ball stuck in my lungs on the right,  
And I fell like a log on the ground, where I lay  
Till the sunshine came creeping

Out Wyoming way.

### VI.

About dawn, a young redskin came up, and I thought  
It was time I decided to pass in my checks,  
For he lifted his rifle, but seemed to relent,  
And carried me off, there and then, to his tent,  
Where he nursed me for weeks while his party made tracks.  
With my life twenty times I'd be willing to pay  
For his kindness to me, Sir,

Out Wyoming way.

### VII.

I lay helpless for weeks. At the end of a month  
We two were like brothers for friendship, you bet.  
I picked up stray words of his jargon, while he  
Could jabber in English, as fluent as me.  
And when I was well, and decided to get,  
'Twas his own horse that bore me, a spirited bay,  
Right back to my home, Sir,

Out Wyoming way.

### VIII.

That was five years ago, Sir, and ever since then  
I've been working on different ranches out West;  
And I never set eyes on that redskin at all  
Till I joined this here outfit, the end of last Fall,  
When the first man I saw was my friend, Eagle's Nest.  
I knew him at once. Even Jim gave a neigh:  
He remembered his master,

Out Wyoming way.

### IX.

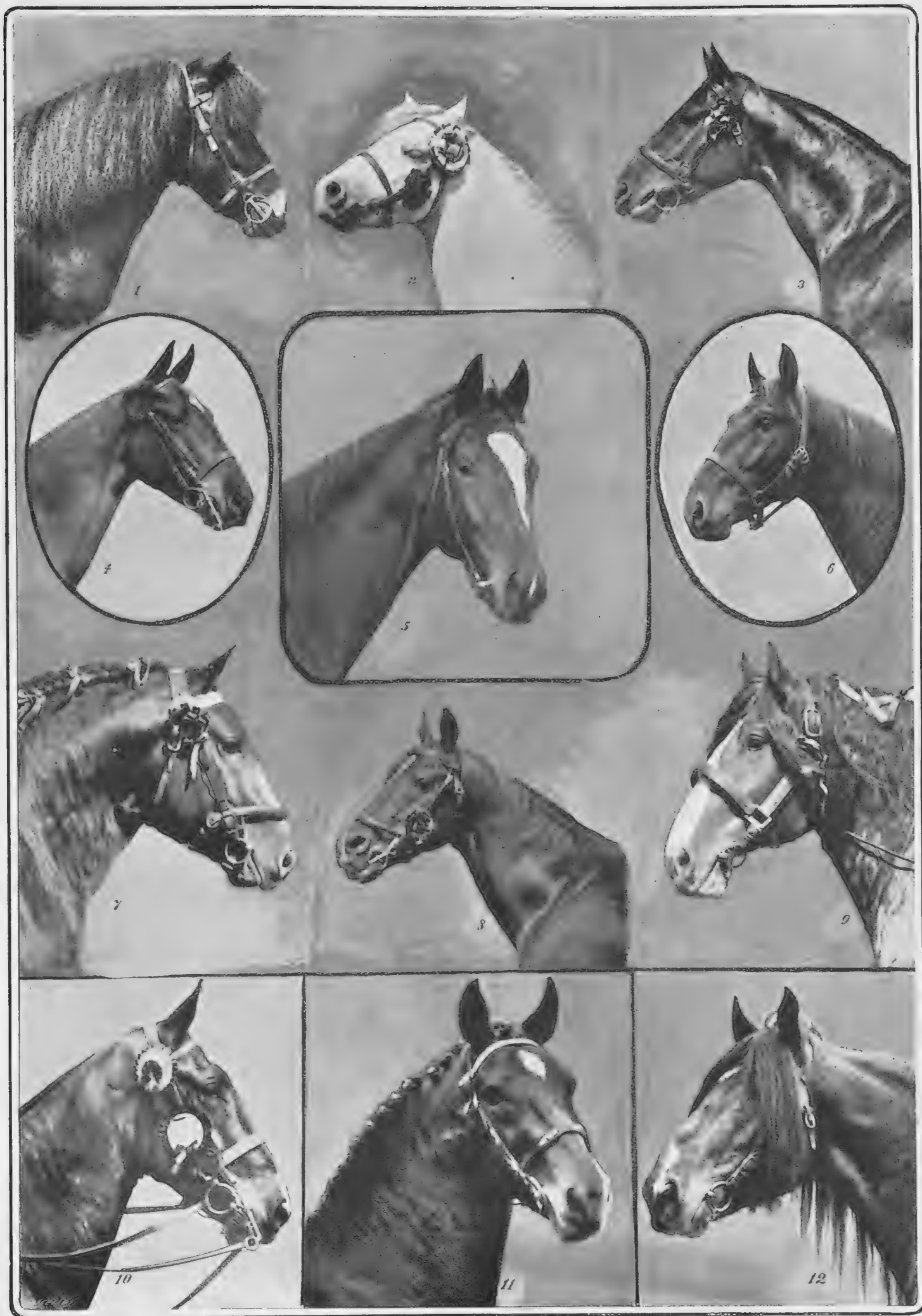
Why, there is the boy, Sir—Hi, Eagle, my lad!  
Here's a gent as is anxious to look at yer face—  
He's the best-hearted redskin that ever I met,  
And I know I shall always be deep in his debt,  
For he pulled me right out of a tight sort of place.  
May you pay for a drink, Sir? I reckon you may.  
We can't get good whisky

Out Wyoming way.

GORDON MEGGY.







THE CHIEF BREEDS OF BRITISH HORSES: SOME TYPICAL HEADS.

- |                   |                |                  |               |                        |                   |             |
|-------------------|----------------|------------------|---------------|------------------------|-------------------|-------------|
| 1. SHETLAND PONY. | 2. WELSH PONY. | 3. ENGLISH PONY. | 4. POLO PONY. | 5. THOROUGHBRED HORSE. | 6. CLEVELAND BAY. | 7. SUFFOLK. |
| 8. ARAB.          | 9. CLYDESDALE. | 10. HUNTER.      | 11. HACKNEY.  | 12. SHIRE.             |                   |             |

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

JULIAN RALPH'S last work is to appear in *Harper's Magazine* during the next few months. It consists for the most part of a number of articles on American subjects. One of the most interesting will be a paper describing a trip made by Julian Ralph through parts of England with a tin-pedlar.

An interesting book on Paris in the days of Napoleon III. is to be published shortly. The author is Madame Northbeat, an English lady married to a Frenchman of English extraction. Madame Northbeat lived in Paris from 1864-1870, and acted as Correspondent of a London newspaper. Her book, it is said, will contain a lively, gossipy account of political, social, literary, and artistic Paris before the catastrophe of 1870.

Mr. Henry James will be represented in the spring publishing season by a volume of short stories called "The Better Sort."

In Zola's new novel, "Truth," which is to be issued at once, the Dreyfus affair serves as the text for a sermon on French Clericalism and education. A Jewish schoolmaster is accused of a horrible crime, and the story of his condemnation is clearly based upon the famous "Affaire," although the scenes are not laid within the Army. In the story, Zola discusses the problem of education in France, the never-ending fight between the secular and Church schools, and "the eternal enigma of Jewish persecution." Incidentally, the hero of the story, Marc Froment, succeeds in starting a great agitation in favour of Simon, the Jewish schoolmaster, and plays to a great extent the part of Zola himself at the Dreyfus trial.

Madame Juliette Adam's volume of reminiscences, "The Romance of my Childhood and Youth," is delightful reading. For the last thirty years no woman has exercised more influence on the social and political life of France than Madame Adam, and I look forward with peculiar interest to the promised literary and political autobiography which is to follow this introductory volume. Madame Adam's book fully bears out its title. It is full of romance—it is the story of a romantic family. Apart from the picture it affords of her own very striking personality, it is full of delicate pictures of old-world men and women and manners. Madame Adam's aunts are especially charming. "My niece," said one of them during her last illness, "pray

do not defend me from death. I do not like your epoch." Madame Adam's childhood and youth were spent in an epoch of romance. In her preface she gives the key-note of her life-story. "I am," she says, "the daughter of a man who was a sincere sectarian, disinterested even to self-sacrifice, and who dreamed of absolute liberty and absolute equality. Until the terrible year of 1870, his mind mastered my own. For an instant, during the days of the Commune, he thought his dreams were about to be realised. Were he alive now, he would be a disciple of Monsieur Brisson, whose political ancestor he was. He would have pursued only one idea: the upsetting of everything."

The writer in the *Revue Bleue* who has had access to Flaubert's unpublished papers has written two interesting articles on the "Labour of Style in Gustave Flaubert." Probably, in the fiction of the nineteenth century there was no passage that made a greater stir, or has been more often quoted as a marvellous example of style, than the description in "Madame Bovary" of the ministration of the extreme unction to the dying Emma. According to the *Revue Bleue*, the original draft was a very different thing from the passage that appears to-day. In fact, it was only after five complete re-writings that Flaubert found a permanent and definite form. The first draft was merely the outline of a general idea. It was expanded in the succeeding drafts, and then cut down and re-polished. It is very striking to notice how in the fourth version, which represents the passage completely built up, Flaubert has said everything he thought possible to say, while in the fifth and final version he says everything that it is possible to say in the fewest possible words.

Mr. John Murray has in the press Mary E. Wilkins's new novel, "The Wind in the Rosebushes."

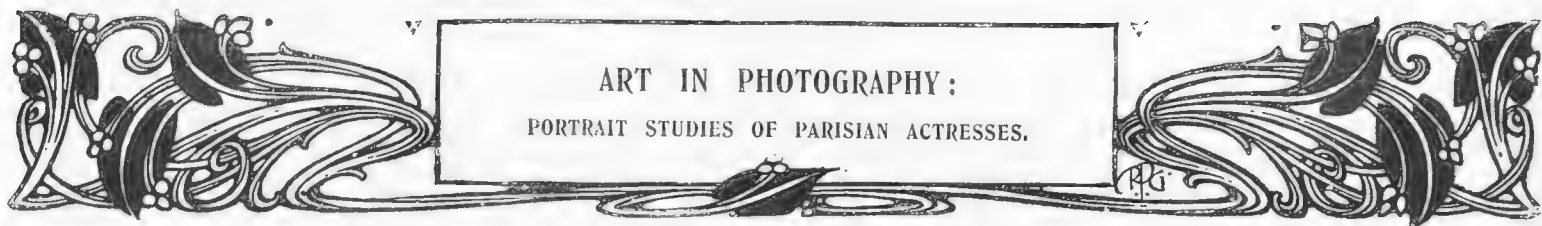
Maxim Gorky has a rival whose pseudonym, "Tan," has recently become a familiar feature in the leading Russian magazines. "Tan" in private life is Vladimir Bogoras. He was arrested fifteen years ago in connection with a Nihilistic movement and was imprisoned for three years in the famous fortress of Peter and Paul. Later, he was exiled to the extremest limits of Siberia, and since his release he has written a number of sketches of Siberian life. He is now engaged upon a long novel, a story of Siberian life three thousand years ago. It is said that the book will appear simultaneously in Russian and English and will be entitled "The Eight Tribes."—O. O.



THE OLD FOSSIL.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.





MDLLE. ÉLISE DE VÈRE (FOLIES-MARIGNY).

*Photographs by Reutlinger, Paris.*

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY:  
PORTRAIT STUDIES OF PARISIAN ACTRESSES.



MDLLE. MANON LOTI (FOLIES-MARIGNY).



ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY:  
PORTRAIT STUDIES OF PARISIAN ACTRESSES.



MDLLE. LIANE DE VRIES.

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY:  
PORTRAIT STUDIES OF PARISIAN ACTRESSES.



"LA BELLE OTERO" (FOLIES-BERGÈRES).



## FOUR NEW NOVELS.

## "THE RED HOUSE."

By E. NESBIT.  
(Methuen. 6s.)

We owe Mrs. Nesbit a debt of gratitude for many a laugh, and therefore it is all the more difficult to criticise her new book harshly, but still it must be confessed that an overdose of sentiment is a poor substitute for the humour we always expect from her. "The Babes in the Wood"—thus christened by Yolande, the practical spinster friend—are, no doubt, a very charming young couple, and we are rather pleased than otherwise to be listening behind the curtain, as it were, to their lover-like conversations—for a time—but such pastime palls before we have nearly reached the conclusion of the book, and we find ourselves most heartily concurring with the writer himself, who begins his ninth chapter by saying, "I have been writing like a man-milliner. I have found no virile tale to set forth—only a record of domesticity almost florid in its decorative detail." The mere fact that this obviously ultra-feminine book is supposed to be written by a man puts us out of patience with it, for, of course, no self-respecting man would have made his little romance public in this self-conscious fashion. A slight sketch (not written by either of the principals) of the young couple entering into possession of "The Red House," the difficulties which beset them, and how they overrode them, might have been made very artistic and complete; but the author's lack of the sense of proportion has triumphed in this instance over her sense of humour, and she has given us a long story which not even the entry of our old friends, the Bastables, can save from the reproach of tediousness.

## "THE WORLD MASTERS."

By GEORGE GRIFFITH.  
(John Long. 6s.)

Paradoxical though it doubtless appears, the theme of "The World Masters" should have been treated by Jules Verne or by Mark Twain, should have resulted either in a wildly imaginative or a wildly humorous story. As it is, it forms the basis of a novel that, falling under neither category, can only be described as of moderate merit. Mr. Griffith inclines towards the method of the French writer, but it must be said that he also occasionally suggests that of the American. It is difficult to take quite seriously the offer of the International Electrical Power and Storage Trust, which, having erected machinery at the Magnetic Pole by which it is enabled to deprive the Northern Hemisphere of its electrical force, is ready to allow the Powers of Europe to wage war on payment of a weekly capitation fee for every effective fighting-man in the field, and to make a liberal allowance for killed and wounded "if official returns are promptly sent to the London offices of the Trust." Nor is the King's message to the President of the undertaking absolutely devoid of the comic element: "Powers agree to stop war and settle matters of dispute by arbitration if you will restore electric equilibrium in Europe. Terms between you and Powers to be arranged at a Council of Sovereigns and Ministers presided over by myself. If this is satisfactory, please reply, and stop your machinery. Conditions becoming serious in Europe.—(Signed) EDWARD R.I." This, it should be noted, is consequent upon a meeting between the King, the Kaiser, who—metal having been rendered as brittle as glass—reaches England in a wooden schooner-yacht, and President Loubet, who, after being drawn along the useless railway from Paris to Calais by relays of horses harnessed to a light truck running on wheels of papier-mâché, embarks for Dover in a fishing-lugger. Thus Mr. Griffith defeats his own end by an excess of zeal, which causes him, like the traditional lady, to protest too much. Far too great a portion of the action of his story is mental rather than physical, abundantly proving that political scheming, unless it has rapid as well as definite results, is apt to become monotonous.

## "THE STEEPLE."

By REGINALD TURNER.  
(Greening. 6s.)

At a first glance, "The Steeple" would appear to be a controversial religious novel, but it reveals itself as more of a study in character, and it is written less with the view of raising burning questions than with the idea of obtaining a clear insight into the effect of religion upon temperament. In Mr. Turner's book there figure no anæmic puppets of fiction. It is sufficient for him to bring forward a character for the reader to feel a keen interest in its development, an interest which is maintained to the end. The best study is undoubtedly that of the hero, the Rev. Frank Lester, an example of the worldly minded clergyman endowed with a fascinating personality. From the day that he thawed the crabbed warden, Dr. Wilford, to the end of his life, all men came under his spell. In his youth he had his enthusiasms—witness the publication anonymously of "The Steeple," which in his later years he regarded with horror—but his was essentially the nature to swim with the tide and to disown the abnormal. In her girlish days, his wife had placed him on a pedestal, but at the crisis of their

lives, when, from a conventional point of view, she should have been the penitent and he the judge, he finds himself listening almost patiently to her indictment: "You are all outside, my dear, a very fine outside, but at home you do not shine. You were born to command a multitude, to captivate a crowd, but not to dominate a woman." Perhaps the attraction of the book lies chiefly in the fact that the theories which the author advances stimulate thought. In one terse sentence he has expressed the conviction of many when he states that religion "is not to be understood; it is to be felt or ignored." A shrewd but not unkind observer of the weaknesses of mankind, he describes them with a tolerant *bonhomie* that has its charm. Had the book been written in a more flowing, easy style, it would have possessed an even greater claim to success.

## "THE PIT."

By FRANK NORRIS.  
(Grant Richards. 6s.)

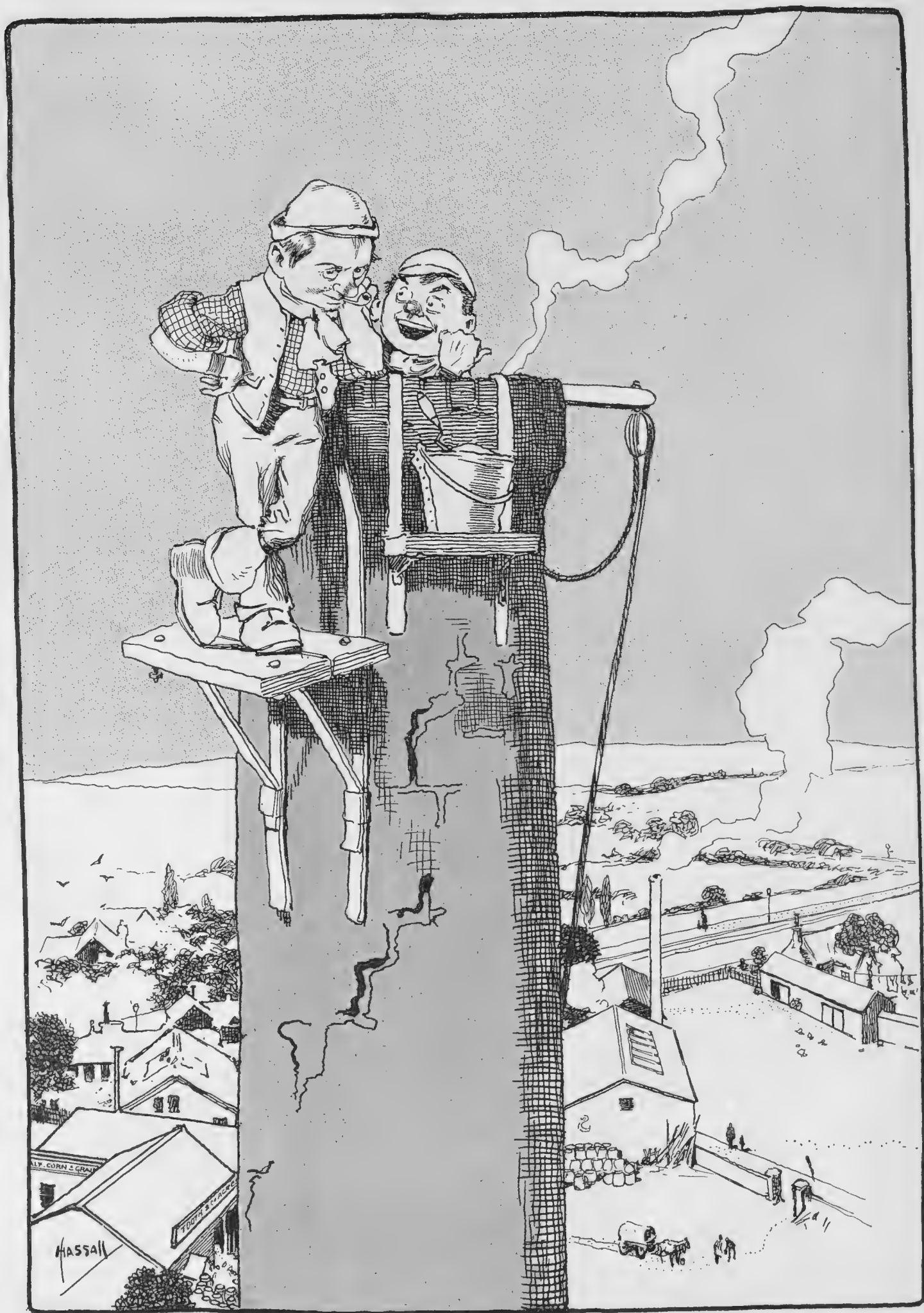
There is a crude strength in the second novel of the late Frank Norris's projected Epic of the Wheat, but it is difficult to find anything "epic" about the composition. The chief merit of the book is its vivid description of the methods of the Wheat Exchange or "Pit" in Chicago, but as a story it is sadly lacking in restraint and fine differentiation of light and shade. The jarring Americanisms, the "loud-mouthed" style, and the painful bombast which is set down by mistake for eloquent figurative description of the great volume of grain that pours yearly from West to East, prove that, while the author conceived the possibilities of epic, he lacked the restrained and welding touch that might have realised his ideal. Not even had he lived to complete the trilogy would he have lifted the work out of the dulness into which, as novel-writing, it has descended in this second effort. The story of Curtis Jadwin's corner in wheat is painfully mechanical, and his wife's tragedy in the gradual loss of her husband's society as he becomes more and more engrossed in the wheat market fails to move the reader, who is impatient of Laura Dearborn's flighty emotionalism. The girl has had a puritanical upbringing in a New England home, but from her North Carolina mother she inherits a rebellious strain which brings her into sympathy with art and Bohemianism. Well educated and wonderfully fastidious in her literary taste, she surprises us by her elementary judgment in pictures, and still more by her gust of passion for the pretentious artist, Sheldon Corthell. When at length Mrs. Curtis Jadwin breaks away from the pietism of her early surroundings and comes to Chicago to "live," the reader expects her to do something *bizarre*, but she marries an uncultivated financier, has dreams occasionally, and finally, when his wheat corner corners him, retires dutifully to an obscure beginning of life again. The book is a lost opportunity.

## PARLIAMENT AND THE JUDICIARY.

"Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench" for 1903 makes its appearance with the commencement of the Parliamentary Session, and, like the Peerage and other works of reference issued by Messrs. Dean and Son, it leaves nothing to be desired in the way of accuracy, completeness, and neatness of production. It forms a complete Parliamentary Guide, containing not only notices of members of the House of Commons and Judicial Bench, but also an abridged Peerage, while the changes that have taken place in the personnel of Parliament since the last General Election are recorded in a form convenient for ready reference. But these are not the only features of this invaluable work, for, in addition, a variety of useful information is given which one could hardly find elsewhere. Thus, some dozen pages are allotted to an explanation of technical Parliamentary expressions, with brief descriptions of the duties of the higher officers of State; and a curious feature of our Judicial system which, probably, few people are aware of is a list of "Vice-Admirals of the Coast of Great Britain and Ireland." A Vice-Admiral of the Coast, it seems, in the old days was a very important personage, and, though within the last century the office has fallen into some desuetude, the letters patent confer on this officer, as representing the Lord High Admiral in his civil capacity, jurisdiction over the coast of the county for which he is appointed, and over the sea-shore, public streams, and arms of the sea adjoining, with power to take cognisance within that jurisdiction of all causes, civil and maritime, and of crimes and offences. In time of war the Vice-Admiral of the Coast has frequently impressed mariners for the Navy, so his office was not always the sinecure it now is. A full list of Colonial Judges is also given, with the leading particulars of their careers, and the student of heraldry will find much to interest him in the eight hundred armorial engravings illustrating the different divisions of the work.

## NEWSPAPER HEADINGS.

AS INTERPRETED BY JOHN HASSALL



V.—"SCANDAL IN HIGH LIFE."



CHARACTERS FROM SHAKSPERE.

BY DUDLEY HARDY.



IX.—MALVOLIO.

"EVERY REASON EXCITES TO THIS, THAT MY LADY LOVES ME."

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

### THE MARRIAGE OF HUGH O'ROURKE.

By NORA CHESSON.



Over the low fire in the middle of the waste place that had been a banqueting-hall crouched

Hugh O'Rourke; he was wet and chilled to the bone with a long ride through mountain mists in the heart of winter. There was winter in his heart, too, for his sept was a broken one and his name proscribed, and, where his father might have held together the breaking fortunes of name and clan by the sheer power of voice and face, Hugh the younger had been borne by his mother, in a time of tempest and terror, and his face was wan and uncomely and his eyes wild and sad.

He held his hands to the fire, but there was little warmth in it, and there was no comfort elsewhere in all the great house where he dwelt, a little kernel in a great shell made for one fairer and stronger far than he.

He took up his sword and laid it across his knees, looking at it with weary eyes, for his was not the soldier's nature, and many a time had his heart sickened at the thought of battle and blood, though he was a pretty fighter when the red time came and men were cheering and grappling together for the Red Hand and the Wolf.

But to Hugh now, in this chill time of doubt and danger, the old lights seemed dim and there was no new star rising, and he fell to wishing that he had died in the birthing, or ever his mother set her cold kiss upon his unwelcome face.

"My father did not well to take a woman by force," he said aloud to the sinking fire that was all his company. "Black eyes and yellow hair pleased him well, belike, but he pleased not my mother, and she revenged her upon me who was innocent and unborn, giving me an April mind and a craving heart for her gifts on the day that she conceived me. That I was little and ugly hurt not me, nor that I was sickly, for my father loved me as well as he loved handsome Anthony, who is dead—and God rest him! But that I was born of anger and fear hurts me sore, and I shall abide it to the end. Who enters there, in the name of God—?" He sprang up, sword in hand, and then laughed at his outcry, for it was a girl-child who stood in the doorway, a little maid of eleven years, fair to see, white as a snowdrop, with pale yellow hair streaming from under her put-back hood.

"Little maid, you come to an empty house," Hugh O'Rourke said, "but you are welcome. You do not come alone?"

"I come alone, Aodh," she said, answering his English with the Irish tongue. "I shall not fill your house."

Hugh stood still beside the fire while she came slowly down the room towards him, shaking the rain-drops from her flowing hair as she came. A little way from the fire she stood, looking at him with large eyes.

"Why do you meet me with bare steel?" she said. "I looked for other greeting from your father's son, Hugh O'Rourke."

Hugh cast down his sword upon the bench he had risen from and took a step forward to meet her. Then he stopped, amazed, for it was

not a child she was, but a grown woman it was that cast off hood and cloak and came to him with eager face and eager hands.

"Hugh O'Rourke," she said, again in the kindly Irish tongue, "have you forgotten me so soon?"

"Have I ever seen you before, O fair one?" Hugh said. Then, because her fingers were warm in his and her eyes dwelt on his, he ceased questioning and had no more wonder or fear at the fairy change that had passed upon her in a moment, making a woman out of a child.

"I am she you have desired so long," she said, with tears and laughter in her voice. "I am she whose eyes you have seen in many faces that looked not kind on you, whose breast you have desired to lie on so many times, whose soul your soul has sought and never found. And never would you have found me in this life, beloved, if I had not sought you out. Your name means light, Hugh, but there was thick darkness on your own eyes till to-night. Now"—she fitted the deed to the word—"now I have kissed them, can they see?"

And she laid her mouth to his mouth, and the beating heart of her fluttered like a bird against his breast, and the fairy eyes of her darkened and laughed and lightened into his and set all his blood on fire.

A little while they clung together so; then he put her from him and held her at arm's-length, looking at her with eyes that were an-hungered.

"Is there a spell of silence upon you, Hugh?" cried the woman. "Speak to me, beloved, and look the while!"

"Might I die looking!" Hugh said. "I should not then think—and grow cold to think—of nothing on the other side."

"Nothing? Where is your faith, O'Rourke?"

"My mother taught me no faith, fair one. My father taught me only sword-play, and myself has taught myself to distrust myself, and no more."

"Learn faith in yourself, then, of me, O'Rourke. Shall I not be on that other side you speak of? For I came thence to-night."

"If I dared only think it, beloved," Hugh said. "Yet you have mortal beauty upon your face and body."

"What do you know of mortality, Hugh O'Rourke? And beauty is that core of our little life that cannot pass away, though the fruit that covers it turn rotten after growing ripe. Kiss me—nay, but only with your eyes, beloved—and tell me how mortal I am."

He kneeled down beside her now and cast his arms about her fair body as she sat in his seat, looking up at her with eyes that changed slowly their wonder for worship. Then he loosed a hand and drew down a thick curl of yellow hair to his lips and presently blindfolded his eyes with its softness.

"I am answered," the woman said, at last. "That which is not mortal in you has spoken to me immortal, and we know one another. So"—she drew the bandage of hair from his eyes and smiled down into them—"you love me, Hugh?"

"If I know what love is, beloved."

"You know the better now for having waited to know it. Men have lost their souls learning their lesson too early. You shall lose only your body, Hugh."

"Not a sore loss, beloved. My body has served me long enough."



"Yet I was drawn to that body, Hugh. It has not served you all so ill, beloved." She uncovered his eyes and looked deep into them, laughing. "I am beauty and I am love, and I have chosen to lie on the bosom of a man whom the tongue of the world knows not—a dreamer who has achieved none of his dreams, a soldier whose sword has won him nothing—and there is beauty and success and strength in the world outside. How is it you can keep me here, Hugh?"

"Sweet, I shall never know."

"Hush, unbeliever! Let us be man and woman together for a little. My feet are cold, and I have hunger and thirst upon me, Hugh. Are you alone here?"

"I have two serving-men."

"You shall be my serving-man to-night. Let your men sleep, and we will eat our marriage-feast together."

"But you are cold, beloved. Let me bring wood to mend the fire."

"Nay; bring me food and drink, and let be the fire. You shall warm my hands in your hands, Hugh, when we have eaten together."

"Dear, what will you eat? There is only coarse bread here, but I have red wine in my butt, and there is honey in the comb, I think, and store of apples in the loft—Winter Queenings, and the like."

"Bring me here the bread and wine and honey, beloved, and we will make a wedding-feast of these. And bring me a Winter Queening that we may play ball with it when we have eaten. Are you quick-handed at the ball-playing, Hugh?"

"With you, maybe, beloved. I have been slow at all games until to-day."

He went out, and came back soon with the bread and wine in a basket on his arm, the apple in his hand, and a silk coverlet over his shoulder. He laid the quilt down at her feet.

"This for your carpet, beloved. Now will you eat?"

She drank half the cup of wine that he poured out, and Hugh drank after her; then they broke bread and ate the honeycomb together.

"We have eaten and drunken and you have not asked my name,"

she said, when their meal was finished. "Is it that you are very wise or a fool, Hugh O'Rourke?"

"Herein I was a wise man, beloved."

"Tell me my name, Hugh?"

"Grania, maybe, because you shine so bright, beloved?"

"No."

"Esca, then, because your face is as pale as the moon when she is young?"

"Not Esca. Have you heard ever of a woman that was bitterly wronged of an O'Rourke long ago, and died cursing him, and has come back and back to cry for the passing of every O'Rourke since then?"

"I have heard of her, beloved."

"I am she, the banshee of your house, Hugh O'Rourke; but for you I shall not cry. Barren years have I abided in mine anger, but now I lift my curse, for my love is put upon a man of the house that wronged me. Do you take me for your wife, O'Rourke, knowing this?"

"I take you to my wife, Ban-shee, in the face of sun and moon, and I plight troth to you past death, whether it come to-night or in fifty years."

"I take thee to my husband, Hugh O'Rourke, and I lift off my curse from thy house, thus and thus."

The woman drooped to his feet, shod in worn brogues as they were, and kissed them; rose to her knees

and kissed his hands and the hilt of his sword; rose to her feet and kissed his mouth.

Then they went, handfast, into the shadowy upper end of the room, where the climbing firelight could no longer find them.

And when the morning came, rosy and wind-tossed, Hugh O'Rourke came out to his serving-men with life and the joy of life in his eyes, and he and the fair woman clinging to his arm gave them good-morrow and went forth, laughing. But, an hour later, these found the body of Hugh O'Rourke lying on his bed with shut eyes and folded hands, long cold. So the serving-men knew that they had seen and bidden farewell to the soul of Hugh O'Rourke and that all was well with him at last.



[DRAWN BY W. D. ALMOND, R.I.]

*Then he loosed a hand and drew down a thick curl of yellow hair to his lips.*

"THE MARRIAGE OF HUGH O'ROURKE."

## LONDON STREET STUDIES.

BY EDWARD KING.



III.—“THE COURT ADJOURNED FOR LUNCH.”





## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



ACCORDING to long-standing arrangements which held good as we were about to go to press, Mr. Beerbohm Tree's latest production was due at His Majesty's last night (Tuesday). This production, as our readers were long ago informed, is the first English presentation of a dramatisation of Tolstoy's great albeit somewhat gloomy story, "Resurrection." Not "*The Resurrection*," as several papers and persons have inferred, thereby causing certain playgoers of the reverent sort to imagine that the always careful Mr. Tree was about to produce a "religious" drama of an extremely religious type even for these days of the more or less "Scriptural" drama. My reason for dwelling expressly on this point is that

first Tolstoy play upon our native stage, yet, thanks to its adapters, and thanks also to certain suggestions which the astute Mr. Tree has let fall from time to time, some welcome strains of comedy have, I find, been introduced to leaven the intense seriousness of the "argument." As to the *mise-en-scène* of the piece, I may, from personal inspection, be allowed to say, without prejudicing our forthcoming first-night criticism, that nothing finer and certainly nothing more realistic has ever been seen even on my friend Tree's honoured stage. The Prologue alone, showing an idyllic festival wherein the "Hymn of the Resurrection" will be sung by real live Russian singers, forms an enchantingly beautiful picture. It is in



MISS IRENE VANBRUGH (AS LADY MARY LASENBY IN "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON") IN HER DRESSING-ROOM AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.



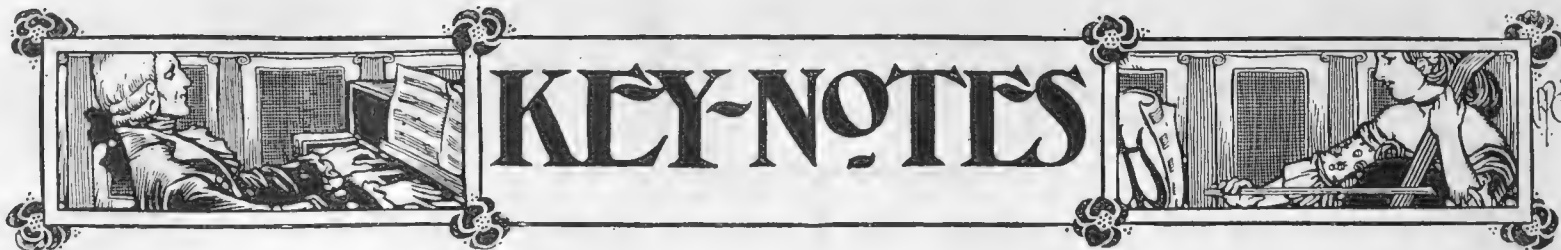
MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM (AS NELL REDDISH IN "A PRINCESS OF KENSINGTON") IN HER DRESSING-ROOM AT THE SAVOY.

Photographs by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

Mr. Tree is particularly anxious that I should "clear the air" in this regard. I have been in His Majesty's Theatre a good deal during the preparation of this tremendous production—even up to the very moment of writing this last description of the play until our full criticism thereof in "our next." I am, therefore, well able to assure all and sundry who may be at all dubious upon this point that, although Mr. Tree, like the rest of us who have read Tolstoy's story, very naturally thinks it more adapted for the adult than for the juvenile playgoer, yet it contains nothing that could give any reason even to Mr. Gilbert's "*Young Lady of Fifteen*" to hesitate as to taking her mother to His Majesty's. Strong—nay, even terrible—issues are involved. I feel sure, however, that, like the late Artemus Ward's Waxworks, it will be found a "highly moral show."

Moreover, notwithstanding the heart-rending tragedy of this, the

this Prologue that the then sensuous Prince Nehludof fascinates and is fascinated by the beautiful but then unthinking Katusha—Mr. Tree, of course, impersonating the former and Miss Lena Ashwell enacting the latter. In the play proper, which is supposed to start ten years later, the poor, betrayed, and deserted girl of the Prologue is seen as a reckless and dissolute young woman, and by this time her Princely betrayer is seen to be suffering keenly from the pangs of remorse, especially when he beholds the dreadful soul-wreck of which he has been the cause. For the present, I need only add that the spiritually "resurrected" nobleman seeks to save and restore the poor lost creature; perhaps the most heart-rending scene of all being that in the dreadful Russian prison in which the betrayer and betrayed again meet, and when the spirit of self-sacrifice causes each to— But enough, at all events for the present.



THE Saturday Popular Concerts still hold their own from an artistic point of view at the St. James's Hall, and at a recent concert Bach's Sonata in E Major for pianoforte and violin was played by Madame Clotilde Kleeberg and Professor Johann Kruse wonderfully well: perhaps the best part of their playing was centred in the early portion of the work; the Finale in its realisation was just a little inferior to the other movements. A delightful musical experience at the same concert was to hear Mozart's Quartet in E-flat (No. 3) played by Mr. Kruse, Mr. Inwards, Mr. Ferrière, and Mr. Walenn; it is a work eminently characteristic of the best period of chamber-music, and it was interpreted in a spirit well befitting the dignity of that period.

Alas, that the "period of chamber-music" should have vanished off the face of the artistic earth! In old days it was a composer's pride, and pleasure to write, let us say, in a couple of days some quartet for his intimate circle. The interpreters would all gather together in the drawing-room of some great patron Prince—or, lacking a Prince, in the house of one or the other of themselves—and, for the sheer love of their art, would play to no audience other than that which was select, quiet, and appreciative. Nowadays musicians all write for the public which foregathers at the great halls. We no longer write just for the select party of intelligent friends who understand at all points the spirit of the music, and whose discreet applause means much more than the loud cheers of an undiscerning multitude. It had been announced that Dr. Kraus and Mrs. Kraus-Osborne would be the vocalists at the Popular Concert to which reference has been made, but, in consequence of their joint indisposition, Mr. Franz von Dulong and Mrs. von Dulong-Lossen sang duets by Schumann, Brahms, and Cornelius. It is well to be able to add that they accomplished their task exceedingly well.

Mr. Leonard Borwick has just given at the St. James's Hall the third of his present series of pianoforte recitals; he is almost inimitable in his playing of Schumann, and on this occasion he gave that composer's "Scènes Mignonnes sur quatre Notes" with a spirit of elegance and of fanciful refinement which was really most attractive. If Mr. Borwick has a fault, it is that he does not make a very deep appeal to the emotions; he certainly appeals to the brain, but he is, perhaps, not wont to arouse the hearer to what Berlioz used to call "frenetic" enthusiasm; still, he is a genuine artist, and the concert was extremely interesting.

Herr Kreisler will surely in a very short time be recognised universally by English musicians as one of the greatest modern violinists that Europe possesses. His playing of three movements of Raff's Suite in G Minor was at his recent concert extremely wonderful. Kreisler has that exact mingling of virtuosity and artistic feeling that makes him a most definitely engrossing musical personality; one is even compelled to think of Shakspeare and the old quotation: "The elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up to all the world and say this is a man." In the "Corrente" of that Suite he was perfectly wonderful; but perhaps he was even more extraordinary in Tartini's Fugue in A Major. Tartini was an artist who was so secluded (from the point of view of technique) in his meanings that

very few players are able to follow them out with complete success; Herr Kreisler realised them thoroughly. Also, he played a Schumann and two Slav Dances by Dvorák. He was less successful in four Hungarian Dances (Brahms-Joachim) than in the other works named; but, still, he played them extremely well. He received immense and deserved applause, and gave for encores a piece by Wieniawski and Bach's "Aria for the Fourth String."

Another "star," this time a pianist, has arisen, in the person of Señor José Vianna da Motta—a pianist who is a native of Portugal

and who was sent to Berlin at the early age of fourteen to pursue his studies by the King of Portugal himself. He studied under Scharwenka, Liszt, and Von Bülow, and has toured through Europe. One would have thought that, through such an advertisement, he should be fairly well known by this time in England; but one may venture to say that his name in this country is at present practically unknown. He played, three or four days ago, at the Bechstein Hall, and promptly persuaded his audience that he was an artist of altogether exquisite quality. Giving, as he is doing, a series of four "Historical Pianoforte Recitals," his first programme ranged from William Byrd, whose birth-date is given as 1540, down to Bomtemps, who died in 1842, covering thus a very extensive ground, as may well be imagined. It included, besides the two just-named composers, works by F. Couperin, C. Daquin, Rameau, Scarlatti, Handel, Sebastian Bach, Haydn, and Mozart. Señor Vianna da Motta is a very wonderful player; his technique is altogether amazing, and his fine sentiment and breadth of feeling mark him out as something not far short of a magnificent artist. It was impossible to judge completely from this first recital—which naturally included many works written originally for the harpsichord—what his real strength will be in more modern pianoforte works. As it is, one may be content to say that he interpreted the older Masters with brilliance and a dazzling sense of pure style. COMMON CHORD.



THE SULLIVAN MEMORIAL (ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL).

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

#### THE GILLMAN CONCERT.

There is every reason to hope that a substantial sum will be realised for the widow of the late Manager of the Crystal Palace, Mr. Henry Gillman, from the very attractive concert fixed to take place there on the afternoon of Feb. 21. It will be seen from the following names that all the best-known artists at present in town are assisting: Madame Ella Russell, Madame Alice Esty and Miss Macintyre, Madame Marian McKenzie, Mr. Ben Davies and Mr. John Coates, Mr. Santley, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, and Mr. Andrew Black. Miss Fanny Davies comes all the way from Vienna to play pianoforte solos, and Max Wolfstahl contributes violin solos. The Meister Glee Singers are also assisting. The Crystal Palace Amateur Orchestra will play under the direction of its conductor, Mr. Walter Hedgcock, and of Mr. August Manns, and Messrs. F. Sewell, A. Fagge, H. Van Vleet, and F. W. Holloway accompany. Tickets, prices one guinea, half-a-guinea, five shillings, and half-a-crown, may be had of any of the London agents or at the Crystal Palace ticket-office. They are being well taken up, which, with such a good cause and so excellent a list of "stars," is only natural.





*The Gordon Bennett Race—Motoring in France—Comfort when Driving—The Worcestershire County Council.*

AT the moment of writing, a rumour is gaining ground to the effect that the Bill to authorise the holding of the Gordon Bennett race in Ireland will prove to be a Government measure. If this happily turns out to be true, then the much-vexed question is settled without more ado, and the Unionist Government will be clearly entitled to great credit for their resolve not to leave the permissive measure to the pitfalls which are dug deep for the Bill of a private member. It may be presumed that the fact of several leading members of the Government being fervent automobilists has proved the God in the Machine. The Bill, being a Government Bill, must go through, or—well, the consequences are too terrible to contemplate. The sight of Mr. A. J. Balfour and Miss Balfour driving up Piccadilly in the Prime Minister's new 16 horse-power Napier, one day last week—the same car that, in its mirrored, silken-hung arbour, attracted so much attention at the late Crystal Palace Exhibition—was enough in itself to give heart of grace to those members of the Automobile Club who watched the incoming of the Prime Minister from the windows of 119, Piccadilly.

French automobilists—at least, that very large section who are keen upon preserving for France the reputation of being the automobile-racing country of the world—go in daily fear of the French Prime Minister, M. Combes. Already he has prohibited the race for the Coupes de Pioule hitherto promoted by the Automobile Club du Var, the meeting of the Nice Automobile Club, and now he has closed down upon the event known as "l'Etoile du Sud-Ouest," which was to have been carried out by the Automobile Club Bearnais. The last-named association presumed themselves secure, by reason of the fact that alcohol, and alcohol only, was to be permitted as a carburetting agent. Hitherto alcohol has won its way, while petrol, or *essence*, as our French friends prefer to call it, has been frequently interdicted. Events run on alcohol were supposed to tend ultimately to the substitution of that spirit for petrol, the one being produced in the country, while petroleum spirit is, of course, imported. At the present moment, petrol is twice as costly in France as in this country, where the Government is more concerned about blends of whisky.

A feature of the various samples of automobile body-building noticeable at the late Crystal Palace Exhibition was the welcome and praiseworthy attempt on the part of several of the body-builders to make the front or driving-seat of open tonneau or double phaeton cars sufficiently comfortable to permit of ladies occupying them in cold weather. No matter how well rugged-up a passenger on the front seat may be, the footboard of an automobile is a particularly frigid place on a cold day. The ordinary dashboard, with its garniture of lubricators, coil-box, pressure-gauges, and commutator, is seldom high enough to be of any real service, while the side-openings between it and the body allow the blast to sweep round the nether limbs of both driver and passenger with particularly petrifying effect. The attempt at tempering the polarity of the footboard consisted in closing in the side-openings by doors as high as the level of the dashboard, and then practically roofing the dashboard space above the occupants' knees with a shaped, fur-lined, leather apron, made to fit after the manner of those used in connection with Bath-chairs and perambulators. It is a comparatively easy matter to keep the upper part of the body warm.

The Worcestershire County Council is, in the matter of automobile legislation, quite a model for all similar bodies throughout the country. The resolutions sent up by this body for the consideration of the County Councils Association are remarkable for their common-sense provisions. The W. C. C. makes no absurd suggestion for a further reduction of the speed-limit; indeed, it favours the extinction of the out-of-date Local Government Board Regulation, and suggests in its place that an automobile shall not be driven at a greater speed than is reasonable and proper, with regard to the traffic on the highway, or so as to endanger the life or limb of any person at the time on such highway. It proposes very reasonably, however, that the speed-limit of fourteen miles per hour shall obtain when passing through towns, villages, or crowded places, when meeting horses or cattle, and also at such times as the driver is not able to see that the highway, or other highway adjoining therewith, is unobstructed for a distance of fifty yards.



MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER AND MISS LETTICE FAIRFAX MOTORING IN BATTERSEA PARK.

*Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.*

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

*Futures—Out-of-Works—Betting—Paid Stewards.*

MR. R. ORD, the clever and popular handicapper, has been criticised because he gave Minstead 7 st. 8 lb. only to carry in the Lincoln Handicap, but fortune generally favours the weight-adjuster, and I shall be surprised if it does not do so on the present occasion. My Newmarket man says Minstead is practically sound once more, but his form has to be taken on trust and I cannot recommend his being followed until he has been tried. As I expected, Nabot has been fastened on to by the little punters, who, by-the-bye, make very few mistakes; but I shall have none of him, as I do not think he will do as well under English methods as he did after having been trained on American lines. Pollion is very likely to run well, and Portcullis may go close. Advices from the Curragh tell of the well-doing of Ambush II. for the Grand National. The King's 'chaser is thriving on stiff three-mile work. I expect he will acquit himself well over the Aintree track, and the same can be said of Manifesto. The sharps' tip for the race is Kilmallog, an Irish 'chaser of great promise. The Welsh people, by-the-bye, think the race a good thing for Kirkland, who is trained by Mr. Lort-Phillips in the Principality. As I was the first sporting writer to draw special attention to the claims of the King's smart colt, Mead, for the Derby, I am very glad to see that His Majesty's three-year-old continues to be inquired after in the London market. A few days back, a large sum was laid out for Mead at 10 to 1. I feel certain he will turn out a stout stayer, and I, for one, shall be sadly disappointed if he does not win the Blue Ribbon of the Turf. The danger, I think, would come from Baroness La Flèche, if Mr. Musker were to start this smart filly for the Derby. Rock Sand is doing good work at Newmarket, and his stable-companion, Flotsam, is said to have improved; but I fancy this pair will turn out to be sprinters only. John Porter, it is said, is highly pleased with the improvement made by Greator, who, by-the-bye, would have to be 21 lb. better than he was in the autumn to have any chance for the classics.

Many of the second-class professional cross-country jockeys have had a terrible season, and five out of six of them have no money. The good men get nearly all the money at saloon prices, while the little men have to put up with chance mounts at starvation wages. I heard not long since of a cross-country jockey who took a mount for thirty shillings only, and the animal he rode fell three times in the race. Several men who some years back earned sufficient in the winter to keep them the year round now cannot travel the circuit for the want of funds to pay the necessary railway-fares. It is impossible to suggest a ready remedy. The question of supply and demand settles the whole thing. With so many capable amateurs riding at the present time, there is really no room for half of the professionals who take out licences. The owners who give jockeys retainers at the cross-country business are very few, and I am told that some of the younger jockeys actually take mounts for nothing, just for the sake of the advertisement. Lord Rendlesham has very appropriately raised a fund for the benefit of injured cross-country jockeys, and now we want some big scheme to provide for the out-of-works. Unless bigger

prizes are offered under National Hunt Rules, I think the majority of the horses competing in the future will be trained and ridden by their owners. Already I hear of several jockeys of the old school who intend to turn their attention to training—that is, if they can get any horses to train. There will be a big demand for cross-country jockeys on the Continent this year, but only good men are engaged, as the valuable prizes offered for cross-country events will admit of big retaining-fees being paid. Suppose a professional to get eighty losing mounts and twenty winning mounts in England, his net earnings would be £600—not too much to pay railway-fares, hotel-bills, and the keeping up of the home.

Several well-meaning persons are, I am told, bent on the suppression of betting, and, if rumour does not lie, the majority of our leading bookmakers would be much better off to-day if no betting had taken place under Jockey Club Rules during 1902. Layers who

were £100,000 men two years back are now, practically speaking, poor men; but what I want to know is, Who won their money? There must have been some peculiar running under Jockey Club Rules last year, and I suggest that a Committee of the Club be appointed to find out why the bookmakers came to be so hard hit while the favourites in many instances were badly beaten. Seemingly, the money won has been taken from the Turf for ever; anyway, it has practically killed speculation for the time being. It may be that the Yankee speculators won the money in England and have now gone back to America to spend it. But how did they win it? Aye, there's the rub.



"ESAU," THE MAN APE AT THE LONDON PAVILION.

*Photograph by Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane.*

meetings, and I, for one, certainly think we should copy the example, at any rate for meetings held under National Hunt Rules. Of course, the usual list of ornamental Stewards could be elected as before, but a paid Steward should always be present to act somewhat as the Recorder does at the Old Bailey. I know many good men who would make perfect paid Stewards. They are good judges of racing and of humanity. They could tell when a horse was trying and when he was not, and they are perfectly acquainted with the doings of the jockeys. I am convinced that sport between the flags would improve forthwith if paid Stewards were appointed. Under existing conditions, the public will not support the sport in large numbers, while they positively refuse to bet on certain races. We see every day horses winning that on the book had no chance, yet the bookies cannot make the game pay. The fact of the matter is, all the money goes into a few hands, and it would be the duty of a paid Steward to find out the reason for this unpleasant state of affairs and to apply the only known remedy. Many of the Stewards who act under National Hunt Rules are gentlemen of high social standing and of unimpeachable character, but they lack the necessary experience to scent starting-price coups and suchlike arrangements. They sincerely believe all around them to be as honest as themselves. In the meantime, many of the sharps are reaping a rich harvest at the expense of the poor, innocent little punter.

CAPTAIN COE.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IT seems a curiously churlish dispensation of the atmospheric powers in possession that the one thing needful to make life a little more bearable in our Northern winters, namely, sunshine, should be so persistently denied us. "God's in His Heaven; all's right with the world," is a belief we can fervently subscribe to when fragrant May mornings peep in at our casements, though we are none

just as, when one goes to the House and sits behind the grille, one's belongings expect a verbatim report afterwards of everything that was said, with all the Parliamentary amenities well underlined, from Mr. Chamberlain's corrosive acidities to Mr. Swift MacNeill's gushes of boiling steam-heat. Harking back to the frocks, meantime, let me describe how I metaphorically fell at the feet of one too-engaging creation in a very fine silk voile, which is the latest arrival in materials. The colour was pearl-grey, and round the hem of its exquisitely cut skirt went three flounces fringed with grey chenille, each strand supporting a grey silk poppy-leaf, so that, as the wearer walked, little fluttering showers of leaves made accompaniment to her footsteps. The bodice, draped across a carefully corsetted figure, was fitted out with miniature replicas of the same seductive trimming, and one of the new toques, in several shades of rose-pink and cherry-coloured tulle, crowned a most acceptable *ensemble*. Another gown, of painted mousseline-de-soie, which had a wide belt of guipure lace and a transparent picture-hat to match, with profuse trails of many-coloured sweet-pea, was a vision of summer. A third, of sun-ray pleated crêpe-de-Chine in palest blue, belted with silver embroidery, cuffed and collared *en suite*, was accompanied by a successful hat of mauve tulle and orchids, exactly matched in colour by the parasol, all of which, carried by a rich-complexioned brunette, left one gasping with emotion. Talking of mousseline-de-soie, I have met nothing prettier in its way than Marie Tempest's tea-gown of that most enslaving material in "The Marriage of Kitty."

A journalistic Jack-of-all-subjects, who writes trippingly of every topic, from Greek verbs to cannibalism, took tally of international slang lately and informs us that every city in every time had and has its particular patter of the hour, which, unintelligible to the outsider, was and is comprehensible to the townsman. I can certainly remember a time when "Good-morning! Have you used Pears' soap?" was a facetious formula adopted by a certain type of funny



[Copyright.]

MISS COMPTON'S BLACK DRESS IN "A CLEAN SLATE,"  
AT THE CRITERION.

of us one penny the wiser or richer or better than when March nor'-easters shrieked round the house-walls and gave one toothache of the spirit to live under such grey-black skies. It is only when one goes South, to find the world a bath of sunshine and a riot of flowers while fires are blazing in our native latitudes, that the habitual gloom of familiar environments seems more unnecessary and therefore more aggravating than ever.

Nor is it a *sine qua non* that Paris frocks and palatial surroundings should, in these happier climates, make up the sum of human contentment. It seems that the very beggars, while no less assiduous at their trade, can be uncomfortable only in a major key while the sun and the soft air are their common inheritance. Meanwhile, it is quite certain that Paris and her pomps cannot be dismissed with a few cursory superlatives while one rejoices in the mid-Season of Monte Carlo. All around one, on the Terrace, in the Casino, on every side, both the forecast and the fine flower of Madame Fashion's latest and leviathan efforts greet an appreciative, admiring, astonished, and slightly envious summing-up—a quiet orgie of the passion of fashion, written down-to-date, "with illustrations by celebrated contemporaries," it might be described.

It is one thing, however, to see fine feathers and another to describe them—adequately, I mean—so as to conjure up a well-defined vision of the radiant garments in question, instead, *par exemple*, of slurred silhouette or nebulous lists of confused component parts;



[Copyright.]

ONE OF MISS COMPTON'S GOWNS IN "A CLEAN SLATE."

person from the hoardings, just as last Season people of another order thought it smart to use peculiar language, and spoke of "devey" for "divine," and other banalities, while country-cousins, more especially of the Somersetshire side, would never dream of putting a "g" to their huntin' or drivin' or smokin' or drinkin' achievements. After reading this article, a maiden aunt of irreproachable manners said to me, the other day, "How de do? Are you taking 'Plasmon'?" And, as I could not imagine her in the perpetration of a joke, I set forth to unravel "Plasmon," and found it really quite serious and not at all a matter of merry-making.

One of the boons and blessings it reveals itself to be, in fact, which hides its virtues in a specially prepared cocoa and other foods, bringing the consumer thereof to health and strength, if not to prosperity. According to the *Lancet*, we ought to be all imbibing "Plasmon" with all sorts of food, since it is "a soluble, sterilised proteid," and can be had in its powdered form or in the aforesaid cocoa, chocolate biscuits, and beef essence specially prepared. Having discovered all these facts, I can now see that it was with a deep interest in my welfare my ancient relative made the aforesaid inquiry, and I feel duly appreciative of her discovery. It seems that, with the advent of "Plasmon" a few years ago, the doctors immediately took it up as one of the most health-giving inventions of our scientific nowadays.

SYBIL.

### "DICK WHITTINGTON" AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE pantomime at Moda, Constantinople, has been stigmatised by the Sultan as immoral. *Punch* opines that the "Shadow of God upon Earth" considers Dick Whittington's sudden rise to opulence not satisfactorily accounted for, while the *World* wants to know if this unexpected fit of outraged propriety is due to a fear of his hearing "puns in the palace" or seeing "tights in the harem." The real truth is that anything in the shape of a large gathering is looked upon as menacing the security of the throne. Last year, every Turk who attended the performance of "Ali Baba" was sent for and interrogated by the Minister of Police, and this year not one single Turk dared to visit the English Club, where the performances took place.

None the less, crowded audiences, very cosmopolitan in character, attended the six performances that were given. The play was written by Mr. Whitehouse, the scenery painted by Mr. J. Whittall, and the costumes designed by ladies resident in Moda. The cast was very large, and the acting throughout smarter and better-rehearsed than is usual with amateur efforts. Beautiful electric-light effects were introduced, and in this connection one may mention the efforts of the Sultan to keep the electric-light out of Constantinople — since he confounded "dynamos" with "dynamite," the potentialities of which are an ever-present source of fear to him. Amongst those who gained special applause by their acting, singing, and dancing were Miss Daisy Whittall in the part of a



MISS MAHEL DAWSON AS VIOLET.

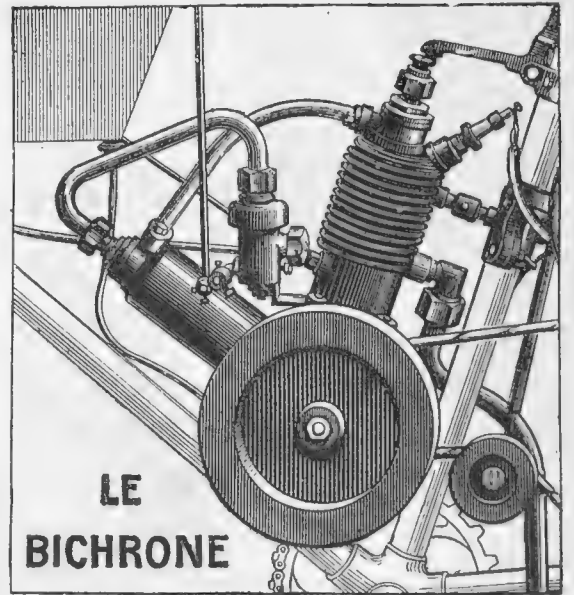
country girl, Miss Mabel Dawson as the heroine, Miss Mary Mattars, Miss Edie Hill, and Miss Eileen Whittall as smart shop-assistants. The elaborate dances were arranged by Mrs. Hugh Whittall, a most graceful performer.

Of the men, Mr. A. Gumuchian showed great versatility in a succession of characters. Mr. K. Whittall as Dick Whittington, Mr. G. Buck as a farmer, and Mr. R. Scudamore as a London merchant all acted with the ease engendered by long practice and word-perfectness. At the last two performances the prompter was not once in request, although the whole piece took well over three hours in representation. There were four Acts, in three of which the costumes were completely changed. The cost of production was about a hundred and forty pounds, so that, if Sir Nicholas O'Connor, the British Ambassador, had not checkmated the Sultan's machinations, the Moda Club would have been confronted with a heavy monetary loss. As it was, the play proved an unqualified success, both financially and otherwise.

### "LE BICHRONE."

THE recent Stanley Automobile Exhibition at Earl's Court met with less success than it deserved, since the Show suffered during the first days because of the inclement weather, which kept many would-be visitors away. This was the more regrettable as many ingenious and useful inventions were on view. A great deal of interest

was manifested in the working of "Le Bichrone." In this little motor there are two cylinders, one the working cylinder, the other a suction and force pump. The carburettor supplies gas through the inlet valve when the piston descends; on the next up-stroke this charge of gas and air mixture is forced into the cylinder just on the completion of the down-stroke of the piston. On the up-stroke the



charge is compressed, the inlet valve closing; it is then fired, and the piston in descending uncovers an exhaust port and allows the burnt charge to escape. This is partly assisted by the intruding fresh charge, and thus the cycle of operation goes on. The ignition fitted is the usual high-tension system, and for starting purposes a lever is arranged, so that the inlet valve can be opened and the pressure released. An exterior fly-wheel is fitted on this motor and the maximum speed is two thousand revolutions per minute. "Le Bichrone" will be found valuable for many other uses than for bicycles and motors, since it is adapted for locomotives, boats, electric-lighting, pumps, and stationary engines of all powers and uses. The advantages claimed for it are one impulse every revolution, no exhaust-valve, complete exhaustion of waste gases, automatic valves always ground, there is no clogging of the firing plug, the carburettor cannot get out of order, and it is instantaneous in starting. The English agent for "Le Bichrone" is Mr. J. C. Hencke, of 41, Seething Lane, E.C.

### CRUFT'S DOG SHOW.

Cruft's Dog Show, held at the Royal Agricultural Hall on three days of last week (11th to 13th), though not the largest of the kind ever held, marked a record for quality of exhibits, excellence of arrangements, and attendance of dog-lovers from practically the world over. More than three thousand entries had been received, and, from St. Bernards, mastiffs, and bloodhounds down to the toy dogs of the Far East, every species of the canine race had its representatives. A picturesque feature of the show was the annexe devoted to ladies' pets, where the kennels were beautifully draped and waitresses were in attendance to cater for the tiny animals' wants. The judges included Sir William Ingram, Captain E. T. Woodiwiss, Mr. S. Smale, Mr. C. H. Lane, Mr. Cooper, Mr. J. A. Tatham, Mr. F. E. Schofield, and Mr. F. Gresham.

The Great Central Railway Company have issued an A. B. C. Programme of their excursion and week-end facilities from London (Marylebone West-End terminus), Woolwich, Greenwich, and Metropolitan Stations to the Midlands, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Lincolnshire, North-East Coast, North of England, Scotland, &c. Full particulars of times of starting, dates, fares, and times of return, &c., for any station (alphabetically arranged) can be easily seen at a glance, which is a great advantage. Copies can be obtained free on application at Marylebone Station or any of the Company's town offices or agencies.

Some time ago, certain of the West-End theatrical managers are understood to have resolved that they would permit none of their productions to appear in the suburbs of London within three months of any piece's run. Mr. George Edwardes, however, has for a long time been strong enough to be a law unto himself, and, as a consequence, that delightful musical comedy, "Three Little Maids," will next week be running concurrently at the Prince of Wales's Theatre and at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith. It is interesting, too, to note that at the latter house Miss Edna May will appear in the part originally played by her—and, indeed, written for her—at the production of the piece in the West-End. Mr. Edwardes has several times tried similar experiments at Mr. Mulholland's Theatre Métropole and elsewhere, and the result has been that both the central and the suburban houses have been crowded.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 24.*

## THE WEEK.

BEYOND a little disappointment at the failure of the Bank directors to reduce the official rate, and some improvement in most of the markets, there is not much to say in a general way of the Stock Markets.

Twelve months ago, the ratio of reserve to liabilities was not as high as it is at present, but the Bank rate was 3 per cent. instead of



MAIN CAMP, SILVER KING MINE.

4 per cent., and the market was distinctly disappointed that those who control the destinies of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street could not see their way to make things easier for borrowers. Outside support takes a long time to make itself manifest on the markets, but the professionals have no one except themselves to blame if the public continues to hold aloof, for, no sooner does a little improvement take place, than every jobber is anxious to scalp a half-crown profit, and before the rise can take shape and substance there is a reaction which chokes off the would-be buyers.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

We are indebted for the two interesting photographs which we this week reproduce to the kindness of the Northern Copper Company, Limited, as to whose property and prospects so much has been heard of late. The properties are situated north of the Zambesi River, and one of our illustrations represents the Silver King Mining-camp. The mine is the most important of the properties controlled by the Company, and, according to Mr. Davey, whose report has just been published, a considerable body of ore, containing 33 per cent. of copper and 31 oz. of silver to the ton, has been already exposed. The concession contains, besides copper, iron, coal, gold, and tin. Every word of Mr. Davey's report deserves to be read by those who are interested in the development of British South Africa.

## THE FINANCIAL RESEARCH SOCIETY: SÉANCE NUMBER ONE.

There are queerer places in the vicinity of the Stock Exchange than the uninitiated wot of. Betting and gambling dens abound in secret places round the purlieus of the House, and the drinking-bars in unsuspected places are numerous enough to partially account for the bullishness that is so typical of the ordinary Stock Exchange member. But, passing such places, let the reader take his courage in one hand and our own palm with the other, as we make our way up a high and rickety staircase late one evening, when all respectable folk are at dinner and the charwoman reigns victorious in the domains of silk-hatism. At the top of the stairs we pause and give three distinctive knocks, at the same time dropping a greenish-coloured card through the diminutive letter-box. The door is cautiously and noiselessly opened. Remove your hat and enter the room devoted to the mysteries of the Financial Research Society!

From the first an impression of half-uncanny weirdness is produced. The room is dimly viewed through a soft green atmosphere, although no lamp or burner or globe suggests the source of the pale illumination. On the low ceiling is stretched a railway map of the United States, its spiderous lines looking creepy in the general aspect of the apartment. The walls are covered with other maps—of South Africa, of West Australia, and so on—while money charts and interest tables add a strange incongruity to the oddness of the place. But you will probably notice none of these things in your earnest attention to the dazzlingly white ball that floats, suspended upon nothing, in the middle of the chamber. Sit here, in this cane-bottomed chair, and watch the ball increase in vividness as the greenish light fades away and the room is plunged in black. For a remarkable thing about the globe's intensity is this: its rays are self-centred. They give out not a particle of light, and, as you notice, darkness, as of the tomb, envelops all but the fiercely burning ball.

Out of the inky gloom, hear! A voice, masculine and yet

half-tremulous, demands, with modernity that heightens the scene's strangeness—

"Ought I to—to sell—my Kaffirs?"

For the thousandth part of an instant the light is quenched. When it again blazes forth, you see a golden sentence framed in the sparkling crystal. It is perfectly clear—

—*Buy Rand Mines, East Rand Proprietary, and Langlaagte Estate. Modderfontein can be sold: they must decline.*—

Again the voice takes up its query—

"Ought one to take a profit on East Rand Mining Estates?"

The former process is repeated, and this time the new sentence reads—

—*East Rand Mining Estates may be worth half their present price, though that is doubtful.*—

For about the space of two minutes the writing remains; then it disappears as quickly as it came. The next inquirer, in a rumbling bass, says—

"Is it safe to buy South Africans now?"

No more time elapses than passed before, and the golden sentence seems clearer than ever.

—*It is now safe to buy Knights, Wolhuters, and Henry Nourse. Carrying-over should be avoided.*—

By this time you are probably becoming more accustomed to the weirdness of the séance, but we can feel you jump when your next-door neighbour says interrogatively—

"I should like a Kaffir gamble?"

The swift darkness is succeeded as swiftly with the resplendent reply—

—*Delagoa Bay Development Shares. For the Special Settlement.*—

Two voices speak at once, clamant for information on totally different subjects. The white ball burns on with steady brilliance, vouchsafing no answer. A pause ensues, and then—

"Will Trunk Ordinary go any higher?" asks a single question.

The gazers move as though interested, a faint chair-shuffling being heard. Once more a sentence in the orb blazes forth—

—*Grand Trunk Ordinary Stock is a better investment than speculation.*—

"Can you tell me a good speculative investment amongst Railway stocks?" goes on the same inquirer, persistently.

There is no more hesitation than appeared before, and the crystal again gives out its golden reply—

—*Beira Railway 4½ per cent. Debentures.*—

"May I ask the price of them, and the return they yield?"

A flash of gloom, and then the flash of yellow in the white—

—*The price is 70; the return is 6½ per cent.*—

Other voices follow, more questions and more answers. Then the crystal ball seems to gradually lessen. By degrees it grows ever smaller, and, finally, as the soft green light fills the room again, it has completely vanished.

"Another time? Delighted!" we rejoin, as we bid each other good-night beneath the shadows of the Stock Exchange in Throgmorton Street.

## THE RISE IN HOME RAILS.

While these are early days in which to count upon the continuance of the better feeling evident in the Home Railway Market, stockholders in the British Lines can, at least, lay the pleasing unction to their souls that the flowing tide of higher-priced possibility is with them. That quotations should have remained as good as they are in the absence of a reduction of the Bank rate is a distinctly favourable factor, and again it may be noticed that the reformer's wand has not been waved in vain. Although we touched upon this market last week, no apology is necessary in again referring to this subject, for it is to the Home Railway department that the attention of a vast body of investors is always turned. It is satisfactory to note that the stocks we pointed out last week as likely to be affected by the favourable



ANCIENT IRON-SMELTING FURNACES AT MIYOYO MINE.

points now apparent in the situation, are among the first to benefit by the improved condition which is coming over the market in consequence of a little public demand, and it may be as well to emphasise once more the cheapness of Great Western Ordinary and London and North-Western Consolidated. If the prices of these improve, there is, of course, the probability that the Midland issues will go with them, but the capital account of the Midland Company is in a state too bad to be described in ordinary financial language. It would seem a pity, however, to sell either of the Midland Ordinary issues just now, because both are intimately bound up with the fortunes of the more promising stocks which we have mentioned. Attention may also be directed to the advance which has taken place in South-Western Deferred, as to the prospects of which stock we have ventured on several recent occasions to comment. In the more speculative positions, Districts are bound to have another twist-up prior to the electrification of the line, which, it is supposed, will be ready by the end of this year. Those who have the courage to buy this class of security will find their confidence well rewarded if they can hold on for a few months, and the investor may also lock up his capital in Metropolitan Consolidated, without fear of his rest being disturbed at night.

#### GRAND TRUNK POSSIBILITIES.

Now that the first blush of excitement consequent upon the dividend declaration on Trunk Thirds shows some signs of subsiding, it may be as well to take stock of the position in regard to the future of the Grand Trunk Company's issues. So far as the Guaranteed and First Preference Stocks are concerned, we may safely conclude that the prices will be maintained and possibly enhanced in the present financial year. The First Preference, even at its present price, still returns just over  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. to investors, allowance being made for the dividend which is now included in the price. There are, perhaps, not many better  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. investments to be found in the Stock Exchange, and by easy stages the price will probably go to 120. The Second Preference may intrinsically be set down as worth about par ex-dividend—that is to say, within a couple of points of its present quotation. But speculative interest, of course, is centred round Trunk Thirds and Trunk Ordinary. The optimistic estimates which already credit Trunk Thirds with a dividend of 3 per cent. this time next year are helped to no small extent by the splendid traffics which the line continues to secure, and it is pointed out that, twenty years ago, the stock rose to 62½ prior to the declaration of the last dividend paid on Trunk Thirds, which was at the rate of  $3\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. in 1884. Discreet operators, however, while they acknowledge all the favourable features which point to further squeezing of the bears and fresh glorification of the bulls, are quite aware that the tremendous rise of the last few weeks holds out at least a promise of sharp reaction. Very much the same line of argument is applicable also to the Ordinary stock, which is bound to move in close companion-way with the Third Preference. Both are probably good for locking-up purposes, but, as gambles, must be considered dangerous just now.

#### THE NATIONAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

The report of this Mutual Life Office has just been published and must be pleasant reading for the members. The year under review concluded another quinquennial period, and the operations in every department show a satisfactory measure of progress. The income both from premiums and interest has grown, and the accumulated funds have been increased by over £600,000. The valuations have been made on the most severe lines and at 3 per cent. interest, but the surplus shown is £816,000, of which it has been determined to divide £761,000 among the members. The Institution is clearly in a sound and satisfactory state, its premium rates are moderate, and it ranks with the best of the English concerns carrying on life insurance.

Saturday, Feb. 14, 1903.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

S. M.—Very much depends on the investment clause in the trust deed. If you will ask the trustee to send you a copy of this and forward it to us, we will see what can be done; but, if the clause is very narrow, it will be nearly impossible to get 4 per cent. securities. There are plenty of mortgages to be got which will give you the rate you require.

DICK.—(1) Your Mining Companies are a ragged lot, of which Klerksdorp Proprietary is the best. In a general improvement they might go better, but we do not think they have any merits. (2) The Railway Debentures are all right, but we infinitely prefer Inter-oceanic of Mexico Prior Lien or Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary stock. Leopoldina shares are still said to be a very good speculation even at present price.

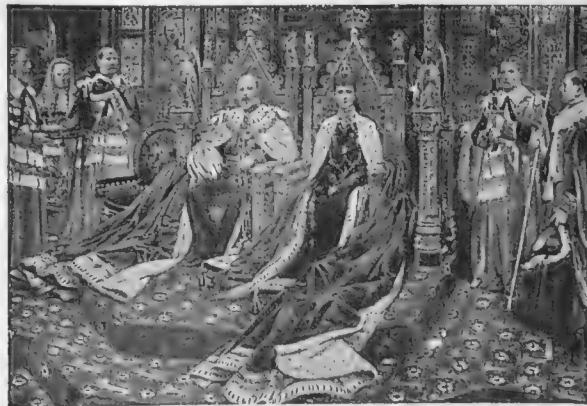
GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH.—(1) We hear the Company is doing well, but the Pref. shares at about 14s. 6d. strike us as cheaper than the Ordinary at 12s. (2) Barnum and Bailey appears a good speculative investment.

INVESTOR.—Everything depends on their motor business. We have no special information.

H. I. R.—We should hold them. The price is only about 6½.

REX.—(1) Probably you had better join the reconstruction. (2) Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank are very good. We suggest, also, Bank of Egypt and Standard of South Africa, or Barnum and Bailey, if you are a bit more speculative. We still hear that Welsbach Pref. is worth buying.

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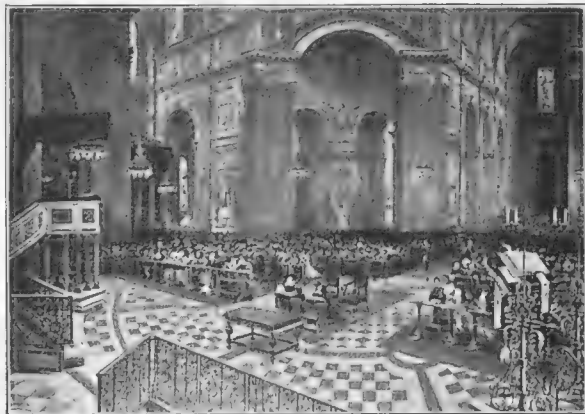


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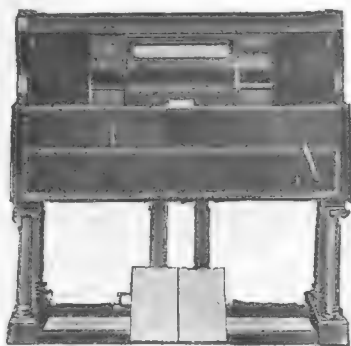


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Pour a little on the hands night and morning and rub into the Nails. It can immediately be washed off, but its effect will be unimpaired.

**How Ladies should Apply it.**

Before washing the hair have the entire scalp thoroughly rubbed with the Tonic, which can then be washed off in warm water with the aid of any good soap ("Vaseline" Toilet Soap is recommended for the purpose). The scalp will be found to have absorbed sufficient of the Tonic to last for days. In very severe cases, where the hair falls out in handfuls, this treatment should be frequently repeated. The effect will be marked from the first application—the hair will gradually cease to fall out, and a luxuriant growth be established.

**For Men's Use.**

Apply as above, and in addition a drop or two should be rubbed in each morning. It is well to note that to ensure a satisfactory growth of hair the scalp must be kept healthy.

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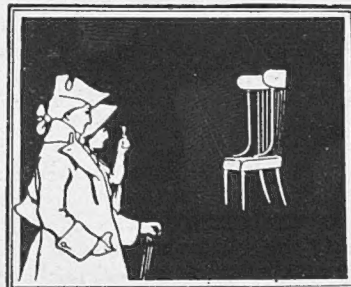
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7, GARRICK STREET, LONDON, W.C.; & at 26, RUE BERGÈRE, PARIS.

### BOOT PREPARATIONS

SOLD EVERYWHERE.



**MELTONIAN BLACKING.**  
As used in the Royal Household.  
Renders the Boots Soft, Durable, and Waterproof.



**PARIAN WHITE.**  
For cleaning White Boots, Shoes, Belts, Gloves, Riding Breeches, and all White Leather and Canvas Goods.



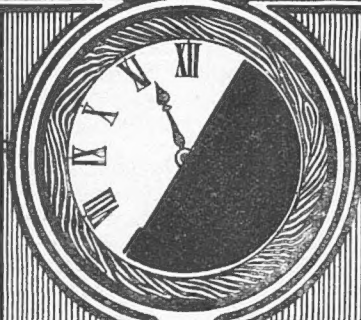
**ROYAL LUTETIAN CREAM.**  
The best for Cleaning and Polishing Russian and Brown Leather Boots, Tennis Shoes, &c.



**NONPAREIL DE GUICHE.**  
Parisian Polish.  
(For Varnishing Dress Boots and Shoes) is more elastic and easier to use than any other.

**Cause: If you use Vinolia Soap**  
**Effect: You get a Velvet Skin.**

Half an Hour  
a Day  
Lost & Wasted



In  
Cleaning the type with  
a pin and tooth-brush  
and washing ink-stains  
off the hands afterwards  
on any writing machine  
**EXCEPT**  
The  
**SMITH PREMIER**  
**TYPEWRITER**  
which has a device for  
cleaning all type in  
15 seconds without  
soiling the hands.

The  
**SMITH PREMIER**  
**TYPEWRITER Co**  
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Hutchison



## THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.  
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.  
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.  
IS NOT a dye.  
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST OR HAIRDRESSER FOR  
**The MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER**  
Price 3s. 6d. per Bottle.

Welcome always, keep it handy.


**GRANT'S** MORELLA  
**CHERRY**  
SOLD EVERYWHERE. **BRANDY**

Ask for **GRANT'S**, and don't be put off with inferior makes.

Also Grant's Sloe Gin, Cherry Whisky, &c.

**T. GRANT and SONS, Maidstone.**

FOR **COUGHS**  
TAKE  
**Powell's Balsam of Aniseed.**  
Safe & Reliable Gives Immediate Relief.



TRADE MARK.

22 GOLD MEDALS.

**DR SIEGERT'S**  
**ANGOSTURA**  
**BITTERS**

They lend an exquisite flavour to Champagne, Sherry, Whiskey, Lemonade, and all liquors. Are altogether free from admixture with any dangerous or deleterious compound.  
Of all Wine Merchants, etc.  
A Booklet giving many valuable recipes post free from the sole consignees—  
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**WHITE HORSE**  
**CELLAR**  
**SCOTCH WHISKY.**

Quality the Recommendation.  
PURE MALT DISTILLERS.  
Ask your Wine Merchant for it.

**LAGAVULIN DISTILLERY,**  
**ISLAND OF ISLAY, N.B.**

**Bowden**  
**Brake**  
BEST FOR BICYCLES  
Fitted by all Cycle Manufacturers & Dealers

## FACE HUMOURS



BEFORE USING CUTICURA SOAP. AFTER

**Pimples, Blackheads, Red, Rough, Oily Skin**  
Prevented by

**Cuticura**  
**SOAP**

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE USE CUTICURA SOAP, assisted by CUTICURA OINTMENT, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itchings, and chafings, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of Women use CUTICURA SOAP in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and excoriations, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sanative purposes.

**Complete Treatment for Humours,**

Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP (1s.), to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales, and soften the thickened cuticle; CUTICURA OINTMENT (2s. 6d.), to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal; and CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS (1s. 1½d.), to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET is often sufficient to cure the most severe case.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS (Chocolate Coated) are a new, tasteless, odourless, economical substitute for the celebrated liquid CUTICURA RESOLVENT, 60 doses, price, 1s. 1½d.

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